


The

SONG *of* THE
WAHBEEK



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SONG OF THE WAHBEEK



R. P. H. Howell

THE SONG OF THE WAHBEEK

A Poem

BY

Henry Pelham Holmes Bromwell

*This the tale there was of yore
Which the singer told before;
He whose words are with the echoes
Of the language heard no more
Since the earth grew old:
Those the deeds which few may dare,
That the love on earth most rare
Which the love-recording angels
Wrote in jeweled symbols fair
On their leaves of gold.*

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PREFACE.

Henry Pelham Holmes Bromwell died in Denver, Colorado, in 1903.

He was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1823, his parents being Henry Broughton Bromwell, and Henrietta, daughter of Lemuel Holmes of Plymouth County, Massachusetts.

He was familiar with the character of the Indian and of the pioneer, and had spent all the most impressionable years of his boyhood in the beautiful forests which at that time surrounded the grand prairies of Illinois, where lingered many traditions of the past, and where each rock, tree and stream teemed with suggestions of the religion of the people of the wilderness, and where were many varieties of birds, animals and flowers, now no more found in those parts of the world.

In Cumberland, a most romantic little hamlet (now gone and forgotten), on the old "National Road," near the present town of Casey, far from schools, churches, and with only the Bible, a copy of Shakespeare's plays, some few Latin and Greek books

belonging to his father (one of which was a collection of Latin hymns), and a few works on history, altogether constituting a library of great magnitude for that time and place, his education was begun, with the forest for his most absorbing study, with the clouds and the stars.

Many years passed away, some of them spent in Vandalia, the old state capital, some of them in Charleston. He was teacher, editor, scholar, lawyer, legislator, jurist, Congressman, and always the beloved and admired *gentleman*; unselfish, kind, modest, cheerful, witty, easily a leader in any place he had part in; eloquent, most just and generous. His many orations and speeches delivered in the stormy campaigns during the critical period before and after the Civil War, made him a figure in state, and indeed, in national politics.

The extensive range of his studies, and his scholarly acquirements are shown by his great work on Masonic Symbolry, now being read in many of the grand jurisdictions of the world. In a resolution passed by the Grand Lodge of Illinois, this book is referred to as "The most remarkable contribution, along the lines of which it treats, yet made to Masonic literature."

McKendree College conferred upon him the Honorary Degree of Master of Arts, in 1867, during

the time the distinguished Robert Allyn was President of the College. On that occasion he read his poem, *The Song of the Wahbeek*, by invitation of the Faculty, whose attention he had attracted by his wide reputation for scholarship. The poem was at that time condensed for delivery. It was later read to the Constitutional Convention of Illinois in 1870. Soon after this he came to Colorado, where he amplified the work, and gave it its present form.

The love story of Kloo-lo-war and Lo-wi-el, which is the gem and ornament of the poem (beginning on page 63 and ending at page 126), illustrates the life of a superior race who occupied the country before the coming of the Indian, a people who worshiped the sun, and of whose existence the red race has handed down traditions.

The Song of the Wahbeek

Fair fell the golden light of June,
When ruled aloft the med'cine moon; ⁽¹⁾
Throughout whose bright, mysterious course,
The Jebis plied their subtle force,
At silent hours, when Gush-ne-bou,
O'er all his dusky mantle threw;
To mingle draughts of marvelous power,
With juices of each tree and flower;
Whereby the deadly nightshade brews
Its poison from the marshland dews;
Or fragrant mint its balm distils
Beneath the starlight on the hills:
Whereby the Wahoo stays from harm,

(1) "When ruled aloft, the medicine moon," etc. The idea is, that it was during the course of that moon. The term "medicine" is applied by the Indians to any object, or thing, to which they ascribe unusual or supernatural power or effect. In common with barbarous people, they look upon disease with dread, and ascribe mysterious properties to remedies. Many instances are given of their applying their term for "medicine" to some strange object, perhaps some curious invention of the whites,—and on being presented with some article of wonderful construction, as, for instance, a polished axe, they have worn it suspended about the person, holding it sacred.

Time is connected by moons, and the different moons of the year are distinguished by some title drawn from the season, the habits of animals, plants, etc., as the "Corn moon," being the moon for planting; the "Hunting moon," the "Snow moon," the "Medicine moon," etc., the latter so-called, among some tribes, on account of the extraordinary virtue supposed to be possessed by plants at that time. Enchantments were supposed possible under the influence of that moon, not possible at other times.

The fever spirit's burning charm ;
Or hateful nettle, unawares,
The venom of its sting prepares ;
Or, from the calumet's sacred bowl
Tobacco soothes the warrior's soul.

Still held the med'cine moon its power
At noon, and midnight's magic hour :
Though lost the wizard's wondrous lore,
Which traced those mighty laws of yore,
By which the planet's mingled spell
Upon the living spirit fell ;
And gave the soul unearthly play,
Through half the circle of a day.

The josakeed, who bore alone
The wampum none but he might own,
Had passed with all his elder line,
Upon the spirit march sublime ;
By Gitchee-Manitou's command,
Had sought the dread hereafter land—
He, tall Nah-wodin, trod no more
Upon the valley's scented floor ;
Nor on the hills of night and storm,
Held vigils with some spectral form ;
Nor by the dismal forest tomb,
With spirits wrestled in the gloom ;

To win the charms none ever knew,
Save he, and Gitchee-Manitou.

His sacred mound stood lone and fair,
No voice of Sachem echoed there;
Nor sound of warrior's war whoop rung,
Nor chorus by the hunters sung—
But silent as in ancient time,
When hushed were Mathro's rites sublime—
No priestly throng with solemn tread,
Wailed ghostly requiem for the dead;
Or chanted to the waning night,
The triumph of the solstice light:
Nor harvest song with cymbals clang,
O'er beauteous fields and vineyards rang;
Nor choral strain nor murmured prayer,
Nor love wing'd flute notes trembled there.

The changing years had brought again,
A stranger race to fill the plain,
And time made haste to sweep away
All vestige of the Red man's stay.
His Council fires were bright no more,
Along the fair Peoria's shore:
No more the curious wigwam rose
Where bright Macoupin's dells repose;
Nor rose the war whoop on the gale,

When midnight watched o'er Okaw's vale;
Nor sped the "Prophet's" pictured bark ⁽²⁾
Beneath the starlight shadows dark,
Where winding Wabash spreads to view
His willowy isles and billows blue.

The chief had led his shattered bands,
To hunting grounds of farther lands:
Beyond the bright O-is-con-sin-'s tide
Beyond the Me-se-se-pe wide;
Where to the pale-face all unknown,
His savage pride might brood alone.
Where wrath might sink to sullen gloom,
Beyond the white man's cannon boom;
Where on some other waves as fair,
And free as once Ohio's were,
His light pirogue should dread no more
To meet the rushing "*pinelore*"; ⁽³⁾
The "fire canoe", whose hissing breath
Had ushered earthquake, pest and death. ⁽⁴⁾

(2) "Nor sped the Prophet's pictured bark," etc., the "Prophet" so-called by way of distinction, was a brother of the famous Tecumseh, greatly famed for his bravery, and more by his magic powers. He exercised an extraordinary influence over the different tribes who fought against the whites in the war of 1812.

(3) "To meet the rushing Pinelore," Pinelore, the Indian name of the steamboat,—literally, Fire Canoe.

(4) "Had ushered earthquake, pest and death." The first steamboat ever seen upon the Western waters descended the Mississippi in the year 1811. It was on its passage at the time of the great earthquake, which sunk the country on both sides of the Mississippi, converting a considerable extent of territory into swamp.

The pioneer his cot had reared,
Where once the Council lodge appeared;
The lowly cabin's smoke upcurled,
Where oft the Mohawk's wareclub whirled,
Or bold Moweaqua's hunters fleet,
Outstripped the wild buck's nimble feet,
Or roused the antlered elk to bound
From briary vale or hazel mound.
The solitary field was seen,
To check the endless wastes of green;
Those realms of verdure spreading through
From Bonpas and the bright Boucoup,
(To where the countless lakelets rest
As gems on fair Wisconsin's breast,—
Those grassy seas, whose "happy isles"
Are every blossomed grove which smiles—
Whose shores are purple woods that lie
In broken outline on the sky;
Whose waves are billowy lawns that swim,
Continuous to the distance dim;
Which yet, as by that seer's control,
Who Egypt smote, forbear to roll.

Immediately afterwards the yellow fever extended its ravages through the Mississippi valley. Thousands of the Indians perished, and they attributed to the advent of the terrible "Fire Canoe" the two previously unknown calamities which had come upon their country. It is said that the first steamboat, besides its unprecedented size and form, was fitted with a scape pipe coming out in front of the vessel, terminating in the form of a serpent's head, so that the new monster must, in the eyes of those simple savages, have been a veritable Water Dragon, breathing fire and smoke.

The noonday poured its burning tide
O'er belted stream and prairie wide, (5)
O'er grassy slope, and sheltered dale;
The scene of many a campfire tale
When rushed the dauntless Oillinois
To charge the conquering Iroquois;
Or Miamiah's warriors dread,
Made all Cahokia's wigwams red;
Or sped the fearless "voyageur"
Along Vermilion's meadows fair;
Or first Kentucky's bullets flew
Against the murderous Kickapoo.

Still was the gossamer's pendant chain,
Unruffled stood the yellowing grain;
The breeze which shook its gems of morn,
Slept with the echoings of the horn.
In far Kaskaskia's green arcades,
Mid ash, and lynn, and bellvine shades;
The shimmering haze which floats at noon,
O'er willowy swale or still lagune,
O'er all the north spread prairie lone,
Its subtle mirage now had thrown;
Which ever mocks the straining eye,
With phantom wave forms hurrying by:

(5) "O'er belted stream and prairie wide." The streams of Illinois, as in most of the prairie regions of the West, were bordered, or as it was termed, "belted," with timber.

The ghosts of billows which of yore,
Beat there on some long sunken shore.

The sere, lone oak of foliage spare,
Had ceased his whispered morning prayer;
The priestly elm his chant had sung,
His sweeping drapery round him flung;
The sycamore's organ pipes were still,
And so the hickory's rondeau shrill;
Throughout the forest chancel dim,
Was hushed the many-languaged hymn;
All save the fountain's changeless tone,
Beside the sachem's Med'cine stone. ⁽⁶⁾

Then, meeting on that bowery crest,
Four wand'ers sat them down to rest;
Of mien and garb diverse were they;
And each had come a different way;
Unlike in race, and speech and age;
Pursuits as different each engage.
One clad in rudest vestments stood,
A dweller of the plain and wood;
One robed in black, whose solemn air,
Told holy things were all his care—
One whose calm features plainly bore

(6) "Beside the Sachem's Med'cine stone." The boulders which lie scattered over a large portion of the West are masses of apparently wave-worn rock, millstone grit, exceedingly hard. Some are of the weight of many tons.

The seal of philosophic lore ;
And one whose years were spent to trace,
The records of the human race.

The first beneath his waving hair,
Displayed a front serene and fair ;
His lustrous eye, now gay, now grave,
The hailing sign of genius gave.
But what was his of nature's lore,
Or what of learning's mingled store,
Or what of wisdom's cryptic hoard,
Or Treasures History's scrolls afford,
Or what of Art's indwelling thought,
Of truths in myth and saga wrought,
Of heavenly writ, of life's design,
Might only seer or bard divine.
He heeded much the converse free
Which passed among the learned three ;
Who though of different race and speech,
Yet Learning's midnight lamp for each,
Had shed such light through years of toil,
That meeting on that stranger soil,
Each hailed his fellow at first view,
In words his earliest boyhood knew.

He stood apart, but not as one
Who sought such fellowship to shun ;

For though to muse he seemed inclined,
Still, courteous were his words and kind ;
And ever much he joyed to be
With men of wiser thought than he.
But long seclusion wrought on him,
As fetters on the eagle's limb ;
Who loosed, forbears at first to try
His pinions on the upper sky ;
Till circling oft in lowlier flight,
He feels return his inborn might,
Then with the scream that speaks his pride,
Bounds upward to the solar tide.

Swift fly the hours when crowned with ease,
A toil-worn wanderer as these,
Sits where the gelid fountain flows,
Beneath the odorous grape and rose,
And heeds no more in blissful rest
The leagues his blistered feet have pressed.
But swifter, swifter time speeds on ;
And hours are instants come and gone ;
When he whose lonely path has lain
Through voiceless glade, and torrid plain,
Remote from kindred, friends and home ;
Where but the hardy borderers roam ;
A pioneer in learning's corp,
A seeker of unwritten lore,

Afar from hamlet, cot and field,
And all which Art, or Love can yield;
Thus meets with those whose spirit tone
Hath aught congenial with his own;
Who seek the fruits which knowledge yields,
Although perchance in different fields;
Or search for gems of wisdom's hoard,
Deep locked in mines he ne'er explored;
And press the search of good and true,
Through some, to him, strange avenue;
Still threading nature's complex laws,
Back, toward the grand omnific cause.

Hence, scarcely heeded, passed away,
The hours which brought the close of day;
And still were loth to part the four,
Whose paths on earth should cross no more.

Of secrets deep, and thoughts profound;
Of mysteries long in silence bound;
Of things in heaven, and air and sea;
That which hath been, or yet shall be;
Of distant lands, and lonely isles,
Of sculptured cliffs and mouldering piles,
Of rising states and fallen thrones,
Of marshalled spheres and changing zones,
Of theologic problems old,

The wonders life and death unfold,
Discoursed they long, nor yet had tired,
When evening's sun the clouds had fired,
And stretched across the sloping lawn,
The shadow of the tall pecan ;
And purpled all the unnumbered groves,
Where zephyr by the twilight roves.
To catch the dainty spirit's words,
Who whispers music to the birds ;
His step first heard in air's bright fields,
Upon the glittering aspen's shields.

When thus the chronicler addressed
The dweller of the trackless West ;
Say, why shouldst thou keep silence thus ?
'Tis well that thou take part with us ;
And bring to swell our mingled store,
What thou hast gleaned of precious lore.
Thine ears have heard with gladness great,
What we of other lands relate ;
The tales of old barbaric war,
The marches of the sons of Thor ;
Traditions of that wondrous zone,
Where Niger pours from realms unknown ;
Of Chaldic plains, and Yemen's sands,
Of old Cathy and Tartar lands—
The crumbling scripts we toiled to gain,

'Neath mouldering Taj and Aztec fane,
The worship of the sacred flame,
And whence the Magi's wisdom came.
The lines from runic sculptures rude,
Or chiselled cells of Kneph and Boodh;
The wondrous things of wave and rock;
Volcano's blast and earthquake's shock;
The lauwine's crash, the tide wave's boom;
The rising Nile and red Simoon.

Then say, thou rover of the plains,
What prize shall here reward my pains?
What old and curious legends dwell
Within this land thou knowst so well?
Which ancient hunters oft recite,
In cabins by the shell-bark light—
What old traditions of his sires,
Live with the chieftain's council fires?
What moss-grown monumental stone;
What shattered pile by years o'erthrown?
What buried relics of a race,
Who left for thine their dwelling place?

Yet hold! exclaimed the reverend man;
In answering these if still thou can,
Omit not also to disclose,
If aught the least there be which shows
What lore of prophets lost elsewhere,

Their elders treasured unaware;
What scraps of holy writ unknown,
Their sages mingled with their own.
Or if beyond this mortal strife,
They fixed the goal of human life;
What worshipped they, or how, whose trace
Still lingers round their dwelling place?
For much it boots me well to scan
The mystery of the soul of man;
And things of faith to light restore,
By scribe and pandit lost of yore.

Or, cried the sage, perhaps for me,
Some form of Nature here may be—
Tell me what fossil treasures sleep
In rocky chambers fast and deep;
What buried monster's massive bones,
Attest the changing of the zones?
What curious shells imbedded, keep
The coast line of the ancient deep?
What toppling crag, or dim ravine,
Where Nature's footprints may be seen;
Whereby to trace her devious course,
Ere yet the north lakes left their source.

Thus each for different cause, was fain,
Some converse with the youth to gain;
If haply might his words make known,

Some mystery of the Med'cine stone.
But he, intent on riper lore,
From tale or legend yet forebore ;
For much he feared the close of day,
Should call the pilgrim corps away ;
Who, whence they came or whither bound,
Why come to that secluded ground,
He nothing more than this did know,
They strangely as they came might go ;
And leave him in that lonely land,
To greet no more such welcome band ;

And thus his comrades to engage
In further speech, and most the sage ;
He then began in simple tone,
Reclining on the Sachem's stone.

His three companions all serene,
Sat near on mossy cushions green.
Between the opening spicewood leaves,
The setting sun shot golden sheaves ;
Which on the rock's worn sculptures smote
And all its legend plainer wrote—
Reformed of jagged seam and scar,
The semblance of the blazing star ;
And wrought of wrinkled lichens brown,
Above the cross a golden crown.

The frisking squirrel stooped to hear,
The hirpling rabbit peeped in fear;
The chattering marten flitted close,
The raven sat aloft, morose.
The whistling quail its triple note
Repeated from the vale remote;
The speckled fawn, with amber eye,
Stepped softly from the thicket nigh.

The breeze threw out beside them there,
The pennons of the maidenhair—
The feathery sumach's yellow plume,
The snow-grape's more delicious bloom,
Around them rose; and high o'er all
The hackberry's fluted pillars tall,
Bore up above the crimson bine,
The bugles of the trumpet vine;
While buttressed elm, and bur-oak grand,
Stretched upward all their clasping hands
To form in gothic arches rude,
The temple of that solitude;
Whose sacred font and altar were
The spring and pictured boulder there;
While pious Evening gently came,—
As when it bore the ancient flame,—
With incense from the honeyed cells
Of blue, and pearl, and scarlet bells;

And o'er its lichen fringes poured
Lustrations from her sacred hoard;
Till Night along the dusky meads
Began to count her holy beads
And rosaries on the garlands flung,
Which round the bannered hickories clung.

Poet.

High on the slopes of the north facing uplands, (7)
Looking across the bright valleys of maples,
Low, where the rivulets
Bathe the wild hawthorns which welcome the humming birds—
On, where the waves on the brink of Ontario
Chant to the planets which dance on their crests—
Lonely and still in their rest—
Scattered as leaves
O'er the broad plains of the war-loving Iroquois—
Far as the isles of the beautiful river—
Lonely and still in their rest—
Far as the rock of the mystical Pi-a-sa—(8)
Far as the willows which worship the morning,

(7) It is to be observed that they are found on the north-facing slopes, lying on the top of the soil or slightly imbedded; whence they came, is a mystery about which there is very little agreement of opinion. That they are entirely foreign to the soil on which they are found, is admitted by all parties.

(8) "Far as the rock of the mystical Piasa." The Piasa, pronounced *Piasaw*, is a large rock in Madison County, Illinois, on which there is a representation of a bird of vast size. This representation is a rough drawing, in a red-colored paint, and is of unknown antiquity. The Indians regarded the picture with dread.

The legend of the Piasa Rock is one not generally known. According to it the Piasa was a huge bird, which came by order of the evil Manitou.

Jewelled with spray of the wild Muscoquetas,
Lie the strange forms the mysterious Boulders ;
Lonely and still, in their places of rest.
As sits the lone exile afar from his birthplace,
High on the hillside that looks to his fatherland,
Gazing still on while the dream lights of memory
Mingle their tints with the hues of the eventide
Far, through the home stretching vista of hills ;
So sits the Boulder apart in his solitude,
Claiming no kindred with rocks of the quarry,
Stranger, and lone, 'mid the forms of the landscape ;
High on the north facing slopes of the uplands,
Looking across the bright valleys of maples ;
Far through the north stretching vista of hills.

Chronicler.

Long are the years of the numberless ages,
Ages outreaching all human perception,
Since the "lost rock" to its resting was borne.

Philosopher.

Who shall declare it ?
Who shall reveal the strange tale of the boulder ?
That to which ear of none living hath hearkened ;
That which no sculpture,
Dim hieroglyphic, or rock-stained memorial,
Brings from the glimmering twilight of history—
That which no wizard hath called from the darkness ;
That which the vision of science hath foiled.

Theologist.

Ere the dark waters were gathered together,
Came they not forth at the call of Omnipotence,
Each with its form and its resting place given?
There to remain as mementos eternal;
Pointing the wayfarer's thoughts through the centuries;
Back from this life world's magnificent garniture—
Back to the night of the formless and void?

Philosopher.

Came they not borne on the terrible iceberg,
Riven from crags which encircled the pole?
Urged o'er the deep by the might of the whirlwind,
The whirlwind that wrestled of old with the darkness,
And severed the bands of the earth-girdling cloud,
Making way for the javelins of light?

Theologist.

What ocean, the ancient of floods
Was that whose black billows bore up the huge fragments,
Enchained to their car by the pinion of frost?
Which still in their loneliness,
Dumb, as the voice of the billows which bore them,
Tell of the ages of God?
From what gorges in quarries unknown,
Unmeasured by aught save the eye of Jehovah;
And wrought by the earthquake of terrible might,—
The arm of the earthquake, the lever of fire,
Was the boulder in violence torn?

Poet.

Were they brought forth by some marvelous alchemy,
Moulded by spirits who garnish the spheres;
Wrought to these forms and bestowed as earth's ornaments,
Meet to be worn at her bridal with morning,
As the bright shells and the clusters of coral,
Circling the neck of some maid of the islands—
As the queer beads of the forest-born princess,
Wrought in her cincture with signs of the Manitou
When she comes forth to the feast of the elk?

Philosopher.

Why should such fragments as these be her jewels;
Earth, who has treasures of onyx and adamant,
Hidden far down from the sight of all living,
Sealed in her granite-barred vaults from of old?
Earth whom the singers, thy fellows have fabled
Sister of ocean, whose ample dominion
Spread through the fields of the fathomless azure,
Mocks the small empire which spans but a continent;
Mocks the scant jewels its treasures hold.

Poet.

Whence have they come, did the children of giants,
Those of the legends oft told by the sagamores,
Cast them from heights of the Western Sierras—
Cast them in sport at the chase of the mastodon,
When his dread footstep was heard on the uplands,
Shaking the crests of the heaven-reaching palms?

Were they the weapons once hurled in their combats,
When they rushed forth to some warfare whose terrors
Shook the high hills, and all forests and mountains;
Chased the black hail gods afar to their caverns;
Smote the full moon at her rising, with paleness,
Bade the fierce whirlwind stand breathless in fear?

Chronicler.

Who were such heroes, and where are their monuments?
Where their proud pillars—their sepulchres awful?
Those had they been, would have piled the huge temple,
Castle or fortress, or pyramid massy;
Towering aloft o'er the wrecks of man's fabrics—
Would not their tombs on the mountains look down?
Earth rears no beings except for the charnal house—
Which of her races have spent not their forces
In rearing some structure to speak for their ashes
Outlasting their palaces, temples and thrones?
Those have been born of the dreams which the sachem,
Sitting alone on the moon-lighted headland,
Weaves of traditions which came of his fathers;
Came with the earth mounds which cover their bones.

Poet.

Weave them he may, though he heard not the stories
Wrought by the poets who sang of Olympus—
Weave them he may, for the spirit which hastens,
Bearing the flame from the beacon celestial,
Soul of the forms which the poet shall fashion;

Passed not alone through the lands of old story,
Halting at oceans which girdled their empires—
Halting at periods fixed in man's cycles—
Bards of all ages have wrought in creations,
Peopling all regions with beings of wonder;
Forms of all strangeness have dwelt in their fatherlands,
Figures gigantic have stalked o'er their birthplaces;
Seen as far objects which loom through dim vapors—
Seen from afar, as in space, so in time—
Thoughts which are born in the dream-world of poets;
Those at whose utterance the spirit bows down;
Sweep with like grandeur through realms of the vision land,
Seen by the fur-belted bard of the wilderness—
Seen by the wearer of mitre or crown.

Philosopher.

What is the sum of thy fancy's creations?
Secrets of nature of which thou art speaking,
Lie not as gems by the nectar-fed streams—
Hang not as fruits by the sapphire-laid avenues,
Poets may tread in the garden of dreams.
Say, if thou holdest the key to such knowledge,
Where is the door to its innermost chamber?
There let us enter and read the conclusion;
Else will I seek for some wiser than thou—
He shall go in to that sacred adytum—
He shall discover this curious arcanum—
Only the voice of philosophy teaches

What are the boulders, whence came they, and how.

Poet.

What! The Philosopher? Hast thou not heard him
Asking the heights and the depths of their secrets?
Asking each handmaid of nature in passing—
Those which attend in her chambers of mystery—
Forces which wait on the birth of the orbs—
Those which are loosed in the cloud-bolt and typhoon—
Chained in loose dust of the alchemist's compound;
Trained in the oak to awake with the seasons—
Harnessed to wait on the flow of the tide wave—
Solvents which melt down the cliffs of old granite,
Wrap the tall forests in vestments of flame;
Torture each substance through forms of all being;
Clay to bright foliage, and life blood to adamant;
Sapphire to float 'neath the eyelid of beauty;
Sea shells to garnish the grass of the plain.

Forth on his errand he hies to the mountains;
Scales the tall crags of the Andes and Ural—
Climbs to the summit of Alp and Him-ma-la;
Heights that look down on the cloud fields of continents;
Scorning to stoop to the voice of the thunder—
Forth on the ocean,
Hastes he to realms of the arctic aurora;
Hastes to the islands which burn 'twixt the tropics—
Threads the wild depths of the Obi and Amazon—

Pierces the gorges, the footprints of earthquakes,
Down through dark clefts to the matrix of metals—
Treads the hot brink of the burning volcano;
Birth place of terrors, and storehouse of death—
Scans with his instruments, realms of the infinite;
Brings the dim nebulae down to his vision;
Stretches his lines through the orbits of systems,
Far as the bands of Arcturus and Sirius;
Far as the circle of Mazaroth runs—
Weighs the huge planets and measures the cycles—
Marshals the numberless hosts of the galaxy;
Till the bright baldric is blazing with suns.

Now he returns from such chase of the rainbow;
Dim are his eyes with the dust of his folios:
Worn is his form with the toil of a lifetime;
Scathed by the touch of the forces he questioned;
Gray are his thin locks and wrinkled his brow—
What is the sum of his world-gathered wisdom?
Only a scroll whereof this is the syllabus,
What are the boulders; whence came they and how?

Theologist.

None hath revealed what the pen of Omnipotence
Traced not of old by the hands of his ministers;
Those who came nigh to his presence of old;
Those have but told how the evenings and mornings,
Came at his bidding with marv'lous progression;

Came with the forming of ocean and firmament ;
Mainland and island—hosts of all races—
Bringing in order the things we behold.
Touching the things whereof now we are speaking ;
He who brought forward the streams in their courses,
Plants and all living ; made also in wisdom,
Stones of the field ; as thou seest in multitudes
Wherefore or how, it were vain to imagine—
Made them perchance when the thorn and the bramble
Cursed the fair earth for the sins of its dwellers—
Made them perchance ere the sunlight was kindled—
Yet to the soul of the humble and prudent
Well may their being some lesson unfold ;
Even as good is connected with evil ;
Linking the present with chaos of old.

Poet.

Why do they stand in the light of the centuries,
Under the bright ray of lily-shod morn ?
Why do they stand ever silent and answer not,
When the wierd voice of the night wind is low,
Weaving its plaint to the desolate oak ?

And the boulder unanswering, gleams in the moonlight ;
The quivering moonlight which silvers the cloud—
The tall grass low rustling—
The Sunflower bending its disk to the east—
The pearl-vested spikenard that weeps for the dawn ;

All mournfully answer, we are but of yesterday;
Naught of the mystery may we unfold—
The night wind wails on o'er the dusky savannah,
The moon dips her crescent,
Far over the dun formless cloud of the night;
The golden-winged planets move on in their circles;
The stars stand afar on the galaxy dim;
And reveal not the secret of old.

Philosopher.

Who shall pursue the unsearchable mystery?
Earth has no records which man may unroll;
Who shall go down to the depths of the oceans,
Down to the rock ribs which anchor the headlands?
Who shall descend through the depths of the continents,
Down to the granite-laid base of the Andes;
Down to the king-bolt of gravity's chain?
Searching the rolls of unregistered "periods"—
Groping with doubt at the ports of the ages;
There to unfold to the children of knowledge,
That which lies hid in the multiplied folios,
Wrapped with the cerements of sepulchered systems;
Sealed with the signet of secrecy old.

Who shall decipher the wondrous palimpsests, (9)
Written and rased by the stylus of nature—

(9) "Who shall decipher the wond'rous palimpsests?" The Palimpsests were parchments, containing ancient writings, which the monks of the Middle Ages erased to make way for their own productions. Thus many of the noblest effusions of the poets of antiquity were erased to give

Writ on the marble, the flint and the amethyst—
Written on tablets of schist and of porphyry—
Written with figures of crystal and foliage—
Written and rased, and still written again—
Writ by the earthquake, the flood and volcano;
Rased by the earthquake, the flood and the flame?

Poet.

Who shall ascend on the wings of the meteor;
High as the sphere where the thunder voice rolls?
Who shall go up on the comet's swift pinion,
High as the pathway of Saturn's red chariot—
High as the arch of the noon-day's pavilion—
High as the zodiac's limitless zone?
There to unravel the marvelous history,
When the bright Pleiades
Sing to the sons of Orion and Ursa,
Songs of the ages which ushered the sun?

Chronicler.

What is the span which the world calls antiquity?
Search through the pages which tell of the ages,
Scriptures most ancient—
Parchments of Syria, and rolls of the catacombs,
Scrawled with the ciphers of races unknown—
Fragments of Vedas and words of Confucius,

place to the puerile legends which illiterate monks thought of greater value than aught which could emanate from a heathen mind. Some of these parchments were rewritten in this way the second and third time, still leaving some traces of the former writing.

Hymns of the poets of Chebar and Sinai,
Talmud and Iliad, Shaster and Zend.
Search for the legends of heroes the ancient—
Songs of the bards who were born with the races—
Skalds of the Northland and poets of Sheba—
Tales of the hunters of Haemus and Shinar;
Stories of Fo Hi and Enoch of old.

Go to the land of Euphrates or Indus;
Muse where the hoary-browed sphynx and the obelisk
Beckon the winds of the desert to come—
Winds whose hot fingers still cease not in girding
'Round Karnac and Ammon their sand-woven shrouds.
Far as the fountains which nourish the banyan,
On, by the brink of the garden-born Hiddekel,
On where the altars of Odin arose—
Far as Copan, with her forest-grown sculptures;
Piles of strange workmanship—
Fragments Cyclopean and circles Druidical,
Emblems unriddled by mortals, repose.
These are the things which the chronicler searches
One with these wrecks is his book of beginnings—
Out of this rubbish his page of confusions
Gleans but this story that little he knows.

Poet.

These are the things whereof poets have chanted;
Monuments these of the ages of man—

These saith the boulder ;
These like the moss-tuft which came but of yesterday,
Know not at all of the cycles of ages—
Ages I chronicled,
Lone in my resting place ere they began.
These may look back on humanity's centuries,
Tracing by lustres their calendered years—
I on my birthnight look down through the chilliads,
Chilliads of ages,
Dwindling to points in the hazy antiquity,
Lost in the arc of eternity's sphere.

He paused and by the fountain's brink,
Knelt 'mid the purple phlox to drink.
The sage philosopher sat bound
In meshes of some thought profound ;
The chronicler his open scroll
Had cast beside the prelate's stole ;
Each voice was hushed, and all was still
Upon the summit of the hill.

The day had closed the term of toil,
Yet left its blessing on the soil—
The daily wages man receives,
In swelling fruits and bursting sheaves.
Night, mother of all worlds, who bears
The incense meet for holy prayers ;
Whose viewless hands her veil benign

Outspreads as nature's pardon sign;
Till life is lulled, and sleep redeems
The waste of thought with blessed dreams;
For all Earth's wearied hosts had dressed
The tabernacle of their rest.

High in the east the effulgent moon
Rode on the azure heaven of June—
Through boundless space the ether glowed,
And all the lucent air o'erflowed;
As though some spirit fire did play,
Immingled with the lunar ray.
The stars abashed withdrew their light,
The plain did glitter on the sight—
The forest's devious outline gray,
Stretched dim, and dimmer, far away;
And distant groves and lonely trees,
Seemed shadows cast on dreaming seas.

About the mound the luster fell;
And through the grove's deep vaults as well—
Impoured 'twixt opening elm and oak;
As though a hallowed radiance broke,
Through windows of some ancient fane;
Where Time had shattered arch and pane.

Still sat the four in silence bound,
As dwellers on enchanted ground;

Nor marked the change as more and more,
A dimness gathered 'round and o'er;
Till all their leafy court was laid
In blackness of a cryptic shade;
For dire eclipse had quenched in gloom
The splendor of the Orient moon;
And earth without, and heaven o'erhead;
In dim and awful glory spread.
Th' eternal stars walked round the pole,
High spread the galaxy's awful scroll;
The planets in their endless march,
Went onward down the Southern arch;
Where far, a cliff-like cloud upraised,
With vivid fires inconstant blazed;
Responsive to the signals bright,
From streamers of the Northern Light;
And o'er the moon's relinquished throne
The comet's lurid pennon shone—
With instant flash the meteor bright,
Shot thwart the heaven its line of light.

From dizzy heights above the plain,
Loud rang the harsh notes of the crane;
With answering sound the hideous owl,
Provoked the wolf's long dismal howl;
And from the distant cloud the sound
Of muffled thunder jarred the ground.

Up looked the four for 'round the stone,
A weird and wondrous brightness shone;
Not like the meteor's sudden blaze,
Nor moon, nor planet's quiet rays—
Not like the light of sun or lamp;
Or gleam which lights the hunter's camp;
A flowing, rich-hued, vapory shroud,
It fell about them as a cloud;
As glorious as the mists that swim
Where sunbeams strike the cataract's rim;
As dream-like as the sunset haze
In spring time on those holy days,
When Embarras' flowering maple trees ⁽¹⁰⁾
Cast golden fleeces on the breeze.

And on the pictured rock was seen
A form unknown of wondrous mien—
He seemed not old and yet he bore
A look which told of days of yore—
Not young, and still a spell of youth,
Was on his lineaments uncouth—
Unlike to man, or beast, or fowl,
Nor more like peri, deeve or ghoul,
Or other form which poets say
Is worn by satyr, imp or fay.

(10) "When Embarras' flowering maple trees cast golden fleeces on the breeze." The Embarras River (pronounced *Ambraw*), a stream near Charleston, Illinois.

And 'round him fell so great an awe,
The gazers wist not what they saw;
Though every eye which on him fell
Saw somewhat that it knew full well.

The prelate grasped his saintly crook,
The chronicler let fall his book;
The sage forth leaned for nearer gaze;
The poet kneeled in sore amaze;
And silence, as the rest of death,
Suspended every voice and breath;
And strained was eye and ear of each,
Some word or signal to beseech,
While each at heart a scruple bore,
Whether to question or adore.

No sound the awful stillness broke,
'Till first the stranger being spoke;
In voice of harsh, but tuneful sound,
Like flints beneath the cartwheel ground;
Or like when earthquake's instant shock,
Smites quarries of the vitreous rock;
And all their caverned ledges thrill
With chords no tone of art can fill.

Spirit of the Wahbeek.

Whence have ye come? What seek ye here?
And why your wonder or your fear?

Hath not the rock a spirit still,
Though resting on this paltry hill,
As when it crowned the awful steeps
Which clove the heavens o'er arctic deeps ?
Was he who every form designed,
More rich in matter than in mind ;
That he should lack that thing to give
To all his works, whereby to live ?
Doth science such conclusion draw ?
Is death the all pervading law,
And life the rare exception found
Through nature's universal bound ?

If life ye have not spent in vain,
Long since ye must have found the chain
Which links as well th' angelic mind
To man, the gifted and the blind,
As him to every form whate'er,
Throughout the universal sphere.
Why, even ye admit there dwells
Within the ocean's senseless shells,
Some spark of soul, whate'er it be ;
And wherefore not the same in me ?

Poet.

O spirit, be it well or ill,
To meet thee on this lonely hill ;
Auspicious still must be the hour,

Which brings to me thy hidden power ;
For what thou say'st is that which dwells
Within my spirit's deepest cells ;
Unproved by sense or reason's art,
But by the prophecy of the heart.
The bending grass and waving tree,
Have whispered of this truth to me—
The clambering vine, the mountain peak,
The dew drop and the planet speak
The same which morning's glory tells ;
That life in all creation dwells.

Philosopher.

That we have heard and still behold,
Have certain sages taught of old ;
That nature's universal plan,
Gives souls to all, as well as man ;
For what is nature but the soul,
Which forms and actuates the whole ;
In order fixed by constant laws ;
Whence endless variance hath its cause—
And order from design must spring ;
And that from life, thus everything
Must be with that from which it came,
In essence, not in form the same.
For how can we effects suppose,
Not in the cause from which they rose ?
Hence mind and soul whate'er they be,

Within the primal cause we see.

Theologist.

In speaking thus 'tis well to mind
That order in itself is blind;
And nature, not itself a cause,
Is but the order in the laws—
Which as thou say'st are from design—
And that which orders is divine;
Which hence Divinity we call;
Th' omnific cause, the God of all.

Chronicler.

O spirit, not of problems old,
Which sage or theologue may hold,
Would I converse; but if thou art
The spirit of this flinty part;
Long hast thou dwelt within this land;
Whereof no olden records stand—
Thine eyes have seen in centuries old,
The things no monument hath told;
Thine ears have heard the words of those
Who perished ere these forests rose—
Then tell what sage of ancient race
Once stood in this secluded place;
Who drew these pictured forms of old,
Beneath this Boulder's moss and mould?
What means this circle dimly traced,
These runelike forms about it placed?

What story do these lines declare?
Whose signet is the tau cross there?
Are they some fragments of the store
Of history's unremembered lore?
Or by some hieroglyphic art
Designed a mystery to impart?
Some secret of the omnific force
Which gave the elements their course?
Some signs of potent spell to bind
The evil power which hurts mankind?

Tell me who drew these figures dim;
And what they signified to him
For such as these, unriddled still,
On desert plain or lonely hill,
The wand'rer sees in ancient lands;
The work of long forgotten hands—
In wild Idumea's wadys drear;
Beside the Northland's fountains clear;
In murky crypts with mould o'ergrown;
Along the Nile or Tigris lone;
Which none who see may well divine,
And fain would I the skill were mine.

And if thou teach me these, once more,
I'll seek each trackless desert shore;
And fill my scroll with precious things;

And from the dust such treasures bring,
That on the wastes of knowledge dear,
Shall landmarks of the past appear.

Spirit of the Wahbeek.

Long have I dwelt in this land of the meadows;
Ages have passed since I sat in the sunlight—
Deeds have I witnessed no scripture hath mentioned;
Words have I heard of the tongues which are silent,
Tales which the voice of tradition hath lost.

Here where the locust, the maple, the elm tree,
Spread their broad shadows, with oaks of the centuries
O'er the bright fountain and lily-set floor;
Long ere the moons of the white man were numbered,
Came the great jossakeed;
He of the land of the northern great waters—
Called by the sachems the master of secrets,
Wondrous Nah-wo-din; whose wampum was sacred—
Learned in all lore of the winds and the seasons,
Courses of stars and the power of all medicines;
Those which are locked in the crystals and metals—
Those which are wrought in the veins of all wood plants—
Those which inhabit the flowers of all colors—
Here on the mound which looks over the prairie;
Seen from afar with its trees of great stature;
Crown of the wilderness, jewelled with blossoms—
Stood he alone in the days of the hunting moon,

Watching the sun going down through the vapors;
Scattering his javelins of flame and vermilion,
Through the dun smoke clouds which curtain the mountains,
Far o'er the plains of the Cheyenne and Sioux.

Here stood Nah-wo-din and gazed upon Gheezis—
Gazed on the sun, as the billows of fire
Rolled on his disk; red as glow of hot copper,
Gazed at the splendors which flowed from his crown.

“Hear me,” he cried, “O Thou Gheezis, the mighty—
Eye of the Manitou,—lord of the heavens;
Now thou art near the dark land of Gush-ne-mou—
Halting before the dim lodge of thy brother,
Pis-ke the night, with his blanket of gloom—
Dimmed are thy plumes with the dusk of his canopy—
Now thou art near to Nah-wo-din who calls thee—
Where is the brightness which leaped from thy war spears,
When thou wert high in the chase of thy triumph?
All thy bright javelins are melting in colors—
Colors to blazon the tent of the west wind—
Colors to pour on the robes of the forest—
Crimson for maple and sunnatch and sassafras,
Red for the oak and the ivy and gum tree;
Yellow to clothe the great poplar and hickory;
Purple for clusters which bend the full grape-vine;
Haws of the valley, and arrow bush slender;

Scarlet to garnish the beads of the Wahoo;
Gold for the grains of the ripening mondamin—
All at her coming to welcome the hunting moon;
Season of love, song and dance of the brave.

Hear me, O Kish-thoi, and lend me thy secret,
Teach me the art of the Medas of old—
Masters of serpents and skilled in all cunning—
Give me the wisdom of Gush-Nou the Meda,
He who went forth with the Aztecs we conquered
When our great warriors
Came from the springs of the mighty Saskatchewan.
Give me the secrets he bore with his wampum,
Forth with the sons of the great Montezuma—
Teach me the secret of waking the spirits
Dwelling in mountain, and forest, and river—
Dwelling in rocks, in the flint-hearted Wahbeek,
Show me what knowledge is hid in the figures
Gush-Nou hath traced on the rock of the Medas—
Now to my spirit their meaning unfold;
Thus shall Nah-wo-din outrival the Sagamores;
Thus shall he learn the great thoughts of the Manitou;
Thus shall he be as the Medas of old.”

But Gheezis, the sun, flaming redder and redder,
Poured all his colors abroad on the heavens;
Like the great pike of the north lake in dying—

Answered no word to the prayer of Nah-wo-din—
Drew 'round his head the dark blanket of Piske—
Sank to his sleep in the Ou-ig-quah of Night.

Only the West Wind the friend of the jossakeeds,
Came and said softly, Be patient, Nah-wo-din;
Ask the puckwejis who gather the colors;
They who were known unto Gushnoo the Meda;
They of a secret at midnight will tell.

Waited the jossakeed then by the fountain;
While the puckwejis were gathering the colors;
Gathering the colors and painting the forests—
Painting the leaves and the nuts and the berries,
Crimson and scarlet and yellow and purple—
Waited Nah-wo-din 'till high o'er the tree tops
Sailed the bright hunting moon, queen of her sisters;
Queen of the night, in her chemaun of silver—
Sleep had come down on the hunters and maidens,
Still were the wigwams and silent the forest;
Only the voice of the whip-poor-will heard he,
Only the hooting of Nistac the owl.

Silent he stood by the fountain at midnight,
Where the puckwejis the friends of the medas,
Talked of the worship of Mathro the mighty—
Talked of the days when the great Montezuma

Ruled all the nations as far as the iceland—
Told of the temples they built for his worship,
When they had made him the lord of the heavens;
Second to Yah Ho, supreme of all spirits—
Told of the mighty astrologer Gushnoo;
He who inscribed on the wahbeek the symbols,
Known but to him through the lore of the prophets—
Told of the things they had seen of the ancients—
How there were giants whose stature was awful;
Greater than three of the race of Nah-wo-din—
Those who lie under the mounds of Ca-ho-kia—
Sak-i-mas mighty, whose armies were countless—
Princes who builded great forts by the rivers—
Priests who wrought wonders by fearful enchantments,
Those who were prophets of Mathro and Yah Ho—
Told of the deeds of the kings of the east land—
How the whole land was divided in kingdoms—
Told of the wars of the priests and magicians,
Servants of Rhim and the dark Watchi Manitou—
Told of the sayings of Pan-yan the seer.

Further they told of the sad Woh-no-naissa,
She whom the singers most ancient named Hueep-o-huiel;
Maid of the forest who loved false Kee-she-lah,
Soft-voiced and gentle, who dwelt with Lo-qui-qui—
Told how the maiden went out by the valleys,
Waiting his coming among the green meadows,

Waiting and watching, till dews of the midnight
Spangled the threadlet-wrought clouds of the smokevine;
Spangled the flowercups she wove in her ringlets—
Watching, nor heeding the merry Ken-te-kah,
Danced 'neath the lindens by stripling and maiden—
Told how she wandered, and called to Ku-she-lah,
Hueep-o-huiel, come my love, Hueep-o-huiel, come—
How the false echo deceitfully answered,
Hueep-o-huiel, come my love; bidding her forward,
Till she had passed from the land of her kindred—
Passed to the depths of the wolf-haunted wilderness;
Passed with the withered flowers wrought in her tresses;
Weary and fainting and sank by the hillside;
Where the great Mathro in pity beheld her;
Gave her the wings of a bird of the forest;
Gave her a plumage of sorrowful colors—

Told how she comes to each land in her seeking;
Comes with the spring, when Lo-qui-qui the evening,
Leads the young moon to the tent of Gush-ne-mou—
Evermore uttering her cry, while the dewdrops
Spangle the cloudlets of film on the smoke vine,
Flitting unseen through the shades of the forest;
Sitting alone by the hillside, and crying
Words in that language forgotten, unuttered,
Save in the wailing of sad Woh-no-naissa;
Hueep-o-huiel, come my love, Hueep-o-huiel come.

Told how great Mathro then punished the echo;
Punished the echo's deception and jealousy,
So she must tarry unseen in the solitude,
So she must answer each sound which is uttered,—
Told they how Mathro had punished Kee-she-lah,
Made him the night wind which wanders in darkness;
Making his plumage all heavy with vapors,
Heavy with poisons and fogs of the marshes—
Poisons he bears to the breath of the sleeping;
Making his eyes ever dim with his weeping,
Dim with the tears he sheds nightly forever,
Tears for the maiden who wandered forlorn.

Then the puckwejis spoke further of Nistac;
Nistac the owl, who sits solemn and lonely,
Sits in his lodge in the trunk of the sycamore,
Far in the gloom of the forest at midnight;
Cursing the jebis which wander in darkness.
Nistac who dwelt in the land of the east wind,
Thought himself wiser than all of the Medas;
Went in the forest to mock at the jebis;
Told how the jebis came 'round him in anger—
Made him a bird by the arts of their magic;
Gave him great eyes to behold in the darkness,
Gave him great plumes for his ears, of gray feathers.
Put him in fear of all things of the sunlight;
Wherefore he sits in his lodge in the sycamore,

Sullen and still through the hours of the sunlight;
Wherefore he comes in the gloom of the night hours,
Uttering his hideous alarm in the darkness;
Answering the jebis who mock at his presence,
Cursing the jebis he hears in the air.

These things and more did Nah-wo-din the jossakeed
Hear from Puckwejis by means of his magic—
Also the oldest and wisest came, saying,
Hither Nah-wo-din return at the noontide;
Come at the full of the medicine moon;
Then shalt thou learn of the secret thou searchest;
Thus, did great Gushnoo the wisest of Medas;
He who went out to the land of the aztecs
When all the sons of the great Montezuma,
Went to the land of the south wind away.

Then when the med'cine moon stood at the fullest,
Came here Nah-wo-din at noontime and waited—
Sat by the Wahbeek and thought of enchantments—
Sat by the rock, and the little Puckwejis,
Gathered the subtlest juice of the milkweed;
Gathered the odors of sleep-bearing blossoms;
Shed them about him and over, and lulled him—
Sang their eyah, eyah, lullaby softly;
Wove o'er his eyelids soft curtains of shadows—
Shadows of all things which dwell in the sleep-land—

Slumbered Nah-wo-din, and over his spirit
Settled the charm that was woven by Gushnoo;
Mystical charm of the medicine moon.

Then did Nah-wo-din converse with the spirits;
Spirits of all things which dwell in the forest,
Prairies and marshes and depths of the valleys;
Spirits of rocks and of rivers and fountains—
Those which appear not except to the Medas—
Those which the magic of Gushnoo had bound.
Nine times he came at the full of the med'cine moon,
Moon of the Medas, and nine times he slumbered,
'Till he had mastered the wisdom of Gushnoo—
Then did he read the strange figures and angles,
Trace all the symbols, the pictures thou seest,
Chiseled by Gushnoo of old on the Wahbeek—
Marvelous secrets, which may not be uttered,
Saving to him who hath passed the probation;
Nine times hath waited and nine times hath slumbered;
Wherefore their meaning I may not unfold.

Chronicler.

Nay, but I pray thee unfold me the story
Whence were the people, the tribes of Nah-wo-din?
Who were the ancients who went to the south land?
When did they come, and their staying how long?

Spirit of the Wahbeek.

Over the land where the red men have wandered,

Long ere the germs of this forest were planted—
Back in the years which the sachem calls Shah Shah ;
Dwelt a great people, whose kings were a hundred—
Wise in the arts of the field and the workshop—
Some by the waters which flow to the north wind,
Some by the ocean which lies to the east ;
Some by the vales of the bright Alabama,
Some by the rolling Ohio, and others
Dwelling along the great Father of Waters—
Dwelling in city and hamlet and field.

Forces which lurk in the veins of the mountains,
Depths of the oceans, and orbs of the heavens,
Wrought in the breath of the winds, in the vapors,
Dewdrops and sunbeams ; their marvelous alchemy—
Wrought in the seasons with dire perturbation—
Days smote with blasting and nights scattered mildew—
Famine came wasting the strength of the land.

Forth from the northland came hordes of the wilderness ;
Tribes of the red men as locusts in multitude ;
Uttering the war whoop and whirling the war club—
Warriors who smote with the red tomahica—
Plumed for the combat, and ravening for slaughter—
As flames of the plain fire when greedy of havoc,
They ramp on the north wind, o'erleaping each other,
In hurrying serpent-like measureless lines ;

So came their swift bands ever fiercer and stronger;
Smiting the village with fire and destruction.
Slaughtering the flocks and the herds with their keepers;
Wasting the harvest field;
Trampling the remnant of orchard and vine.

All the wise men of the nations assembled,
Each to his fortress to council for safety;
Old men and hoary with chiefs of the armies,
Medas of wisdom and famous astrologers;
All who were wise in the sight of the people,
Came to the cities most famous for knowledge—
All the high priests of the great Montezuma,
Came to the temples in solemn processions,
Offered the sacrifice, lighted the incense,
Uttered the prayers which their fathers commanded,
Bowing before the bright face of the image,
Wrought in fine gold on the east of the temple;
Falling in reverence before the divinity.
Clothed in the sunbeam above the high altar;
Chanting the anthems of high adoration,
Crying for help for the nations distressed.

O'er all the land were the signals of mourning;
All through the nations were dread and perplexity;
Everywhere heard were the voices of wailing;
Crying, What means this great anger of Mathro?

Wherefore the hordes of the stranger who smite us?
Red is the night with the fire of our homesteads,
Furrowed is earth with the graves of the perished;
Hunger hath wasted the strength of our warriors;
Fear hath come down on the hearts of the princes;
Who shall deliver the rest of the people;
Those whom the famine and slaughter have spared?

Then did great Gushnoo, the wisest of prophets,
Wiser than all of the servants of Mathro,
Come to the fountain and rock at the full moon,
Bearing the signet of light, with the symbols
Sacred to Yah Hoh, supreme of all spirits;
Uttering the words which the master of knowledge
Taught to the chosen from days of the ancients—
Uttering the sentence which Yah Hoh on hearing,
Only will answer with awful revealings;
Else, with the stroke of the instant Wai-wass-i-me,
Bolt of his vengeance he holds in the cloud.

“Hear, O thou master of life, in thy dwelling;
High in thy awful pavilion of secrecy—
Hear thou how Gushnoo hath ventured to call thee—
Ventured to utter the words of decision—
Those which shall bring him the gift of thy spirit;
Else on his head thy swift bolt of destruction—
Fasting and labors, and vigils and weariness,

Gushnoo hath borne in the stress of his people—
Borne in the rites of the seven-fold purgations—
These have with suffering quickened his spirit;
Now are the days of his purification;
Never henceforth can he nearer approach thee.
Give now the secret no Meda possesses,
Show him the things of the wonderful future—
Those which are ordered to come on his people—
Give him the power which was lost by our father,
When the great sin of his soul was committed;
When the first bloodshed was known among mortals—
Power which no son of the first-born hath asked thee;
Give now the secret or smite with thy bolt.

Hast thou not seen how the priests have forgotten?
Prophets forsake thee to worship thy ministers—
Temples had Mathro, and now Montezuma,
None of these nations doth know thee save Gushnoo?
Since the last Master of Light hath been smitten,
Gushnoo alone hath the words of this wisdom;
Here on the rock hath he written the symbols,
Sacred to light, for the wise of hereafter;
So if thou smite they may stand through the ages—
So if one come from beyond the great waters,
Skilled in thy knowledge, his heart may be strengthened;
Seeing that here hath been one of his fellows—
Give now the knowledge to rescue my people,
Show me thy favor, or smite with thy bolt.

The praying of Gushnoo was ended.
Stillness came over all creatures.
The trees of the wood bowed in reverence.
The fountain drew back in its channel.
The air was as pitch of the coal pit.
No voice of the mighty was uttered;
But silence, and darkness, and terror,
Wrapped all the scene for a season;
The life of all being stood still;
Quelled in that stillness unspeakable;
'Till the dread vision was ended.
Leaped then the fountain with gladness,
Danced all the winds in their circuits exulting.
The trees of the wood swept their harpstrings—
The rock throbbed accord to the anthem.
Transplendent with emerald and fire—
The colors of morn and of even,
Flowed in the flame of the sunbeam;
As the glory the billows of Chebar
Poured on the soul of the Hebrew;
Afterwards poured on the Hebrew,
When the great vision he saw.

The vision of Gushnoo was ended.

Then did great Gushnoo the wisest of prophets
Come to the cities and courts of the princes,
Come to the temples, and cry to the people—

Cry to the rulers and elders assembled,
Uttering the wisdom of Yah Hoh, and saying,
What is the council of words without knowledge?
Where is the wisdom which dwelleth with falsehood?
What save destruction comes forth of confusion,
Wrought by the evil designs of the foolish?
I who have searched out the secrets of wisdom,
Known to the wise of our fathers through ages;
Came to the place where the spirit unsearchable,
Showed me the knowledge which dwelt with the prophets,
Showed me the lot of the tribes and their rulers—
Visions of that which shall come, did he give me—
Showed me that famine shall scourge all the countries—
Hosts of the stranger shall swarm without ceasing,
Fierce as the white bear and cruel as panthers—
Showed me the land to their hand is delivered,
That it may lie from henceforth as a wilderness;
Dwelling of beasts, and the tribes of the plains.

All the fair villages wait for destruction;
Temple and grove shall in ashes be sunken,
Flocks and their keepers devoured in the slaughter,
Warrior and aged, with maidens and children,
All must be gathered as grapes to the vintage;
Hearth stone and altar grow cold in the solitude;
Orchard and garden with brambles be sown.

Also he showed me,
Way of escape for the rest of the people.
Far to the southward there spreads a great country,
Lying between the bright shores of two oceans,
Fair are its mountains and pleasant its valleys,
Fruits of rare flavor are borne in its forests;
Stones of great beauty and wonderful metals
Dwell in its mountains and sands of its rivers;
Bright is its heaven and pleasant its air.
There let us hasten,
Bearing our treasures and driving our flocks.
There is the land which the ruler of kingdoms
Gives to the remnant escaped from these nations;
Land which the seers in vision foretold;
There will we gather our flocks in the pastures;
Plant again vineyards and build again cities,
Reap in the valleys and rear again altars—
Worship again as our fathers of old.

Then all of the people approving the prophet,
Gathered their flocks and their herds and their treasure;
Forth to the land of the south went their multitudes;
Leaving their country to be as a wilderness,
Traversed alone by the wandering savage;
Left their high mounds to the growth of the forest,
Hearthstones and threshing floors, vineyards and fields.

Theologist.

Surely this prophet was one of the righteous,
One like the patriarchs—
One like the chosen of Israel of old.
Would that his words had been graven on pillars,
Traced on the parchment as those of the Hebrew;
Then might I read in their deep revelations,
Things of the highest, long lost to his worshipers,
Lost with the rolls of the seers of yore.

Hath not he sung in that language forgotten,
Songs to the Lord, as did Seth and Elijah—
Such as rolled high o'er the rock crests of Ararat—
Such as went up from the wheat fields of Israel,
When the lost ark was returned to its rest?
Who shall recover those strains of all ages;
Poured from the lips of the wise and the holy.
Burdened with thoughts whereon angels have pondered.
Had I the volume of lost hallelujas,
What were the lore of the heathen but rubbish?
Dross, unto him of such treasure possessed.

Poet.

Truly the things of thy story are wonderful,
Wise shall he be who partakes of thy knowledge;
Would I might gather thy thoughts unto mine.
Yet near to my spirit strange visions are hovering,
Visions of brightness obscured as in twilight,

Images born of the days thou art speaking of—
Thoughts of the poets who dwelt in these solitudes,
When the fresh earth wore her garments of youth;
Ere her bright sky had grown dim, or her sunlight
Paled through the cycles of evil and sorrow;
As the bright eye beam of beauty is darkened—
Dimmed by decay of the love light it worshiped
Through the dark years of affliction and wrong.

Tell me of visions which flamed on their spirits;
Bards of the golden hours, first of life's morning;
Dreams which were warm with the life touch of angels;
Thoughts which upsoared on the soul wings of poets,
Words which were borne on the tune wings of song.

These if thou canst not, still teach me some story
Known to the bards of tradition and legend—
Tell me some ballad, the words of a singer,
One who dwelt near the head waters of sympathy—
Not in the cloisters of scornful seclusion;
Not in high places of grandeur and wantonness
Holding wild revel with passions uncouth—
One who beloved by the gentle and noble,
Sat by the threshold with sister-like graces;
Sharing the honey and milk of simplicity,
In the sweet tents of affection and truth.

Spirit of the Wahbeek.

Where the prairie of the west,
Purple swale and sunny crest;
Scented grove and scattered woodlands,
All in summer glory dressed;
Through the ever-growing distance,
 Stretches on;
From Mi-chee-gan's placid shore,
To the rocky summit's hoar—
From the reedy Minne-wakon,
To the snowy Sierra Madre,
To the rolling Colorado,
Thrice a hundred leagues and more,
The blossom-jeweled carpet
Of its undulating floor,
 Stretches on, and on.

On a highland once as fair;
Now a mesa lone and bare,
Where the owl and serpent share
In the barking chien's lair, ⁽¹¹⁾
And the spiteful cactus blossoms
In the sunny summer air;
And the prowling desert coyote
 Howls alone;

(11) "In the barking chien's lair; Plainsmen know that the owl, rattlesnake, and prairie-dog are sometimes found amicably occupying the same nest near a bunch of cactus.

THE SONG OF THE WAHBECK.

Stands a pond'rous rock of old,
Of a strange and massy mould,
Since the primal ages roll'd;
With a song unsung by any—
With a history unwritten,
With a mystery untold,
And unknown.

And right wondrously it stands,
Like the work of mighty hands,
By the force of art and labor
Set on high;
On a huge and rugged stone,
Not a brother of its own;
By some power titanic thrown
On that silent spot and lone:
In the unrecorded tumults
Of the years gone by.

There it stands as though it were
Fixed immovably with care;
On that formless granite socle;
Like a giant's pond'rous anvil,
In its place;
But though giant's might in vain
Strive to heave it up amain;
Or the baffled wintry tempest

Seek to hurl it to the plain;
Every wind which bends the thistle,
Rocks it to and fro again,
 On its base.

When the summer life is slain,
And the fire hath seared the plain;
And a dismal inky stain,
From the black and sodden cinders,
In the still November rain,
 Covers all;
And the clouds upon the sky,
Heaped in sullen masses lie;
Or come slowly drifting by,
Ever sadder to the spirit,
Ever darker on the eye;
And the clammy winds are sobbing
Through the vapors dark that settle
 As a pall;

Then in loneliness it towers,
Through the melancholy hours;
To the shifting currents rocking,
 All the day;
As the symbol of a soul,
Which though trifles much control,
Centre poised upon a purpose,

Standeth permanent and whole ;
Though the storms of passion struggle,
As they may.

When the light comes down anew,
Bringing rays of every hue,
To the jewels of the dew ;
And the music of the morning
Is in all the quickened air ;
And the winds are breathing balm,
And a holiness and calm,
Like the hushing of a psalm ;
Lies o'er all the golden distance
Of the landscape fair.

Then superbly doth it stand,
Ever solemn, stern and grand ;
Looking out upon the land ;
Over all the quiet beauty
Of the scene ;
As a soul sublimely great,
Which vicissitudes of fate
Neither vanquish nor elate,
'Mid the pleasant things of fortune,
Dwells serene.

When the evening's light has fled,
And the night comes dim and dread.

And the stars are overhead,
And the spirits lightly trend,
In their undiscovered wand'rings
 On the air;
Comes a wailing, broken sound,
Like a murmur from the ground,
A memorial of a sorrow,
Which the night wind ever keepeth,
For a shuddering spirit bound
 In despair.

In a land that distant lies,
Under bluer, colder skies,
Where the glories of the northlight,
 Bathe the hills in colored flame;
In the years no date that knew
We were one who now are two—
We were one with thousand others;
Still the jagged scars we shew;
Where the yawning rifts went through;
When the bolt which smote from under,
At a stroke of one made many,
And a thousand leagues asunder,
Do we lie, the severed fragments
 Of the same.

Yet a tale there was of yore,
By a singer told before;

One whose words are with the echoes,
Of a language heard no more ;
 Since the earth grew old ;
Tale of vengeance and despair,
Mighty deeds that few may dare ;
Of a love on earth most rare ;
Which the love recording angels
Wrote in jeweled symbols fair ;
 On their leaves of gold.

In that land so fair and good,
In the centre of a wood,
By the rocking stone which stood ;
With its avenues majestic,
 Opening broad and fair ;
Did a wondrous temple stand,
With its portals firm and grand,
Looking o'er the cultured land ;
And there came the priestly band,
To the morning adoration,
And the noon-day invocation,
 And the twilight prayer.

And a palace stood apart,
Wrought with curious ancient art ;
Rich and rare in every part ;
And there dwelt the sordid monarch
 Of the realm around ;

Valiant captains of the guard,
With the brand and buckler hard,
'Round the despot's awful presence,
Kept perpetual watch and ward;
 In a life league bound.

And across the plains, away
In a land that distant lay,
By a silvery billowed bay
Of the rolling Gitchee Gumee,
 In a sun bright glen;
Dwelt a shepherd old and wise,
Who had walked in simple guise
In the pleasant ways of knowledge,
Down the vale of years which lies,
 To his three score ten.

And the lamp of life with him
As a cresset burning dim,
In a minster old and dim,
At the close of prayer and hymn;
Flickered faintly to its ceasing,
 And his voice was low;
As he called his sons to stand
Near him, one on either hand;
And they bent at his command;
Kneeling low upon the sand;

For the whispered benediction
And the blessing of the hand,
 He would then bestow.

Then began the hoary sage;
“Hear the words of ripest age;
Words of wisdom’s broadest page—
I am tottering on the threshold
 Of the unseen land;
I have come through storm and light,
Beaming day and dismal night;
Camping oft with pleasures bright,
On the upland’s sunny height—
Oft in vales with weeping sorrows,
Wailing children of the night,
 As a household band.

Soon I walk with silent tread,
From the living fields outspread,
To the city of the dead—
To the night’s mysterious kingdom,
 With its voiceless throng—
Thou, my Mandan, soon shalt go
To the strife of lance and bow—
Thou, my younger, wake the glow
Of the burning thoughts which flow
With the viol’s soul communings,
 And the voice of song.

I have walked with staff and crook,
By the hillside and the brook—
Dwelt in tents amid the pastures
 On the plain;
Yet a time there was, my hand
Bore the jewel-hilted brand—
Bore the sceptre of command,
O'er the heroes who are mingled
 With the slain.

When the battle tide shall roll,
Keep the honor of thy soul;
Let thy strong ambition's goal
Be the meed of truth and valor,
 This shall form thy crown;
For the hero's sword is made
Justice hilted, and its blade
Is with fortitude inlaid;
And its point is tipped with mercy,
 For a foe cast down.

If thy equal thou shalt smite,
There is justice for the right—
But to crush the weak in fight,
Brings no honor to thy might;
 And thy soul shall feel
All the punishment of shame;

THE SONG OF THE WAHBECK.

When thy foe shall do the same;
This shall be his retribution,
Who has stained his steel.

Trust not him of constant smile,
Fear thou not the boaster's wile;
Spurn the messengers of guile;
Slow resolve, and swiftly venture
In thy deed.

Hold a given secret dear;
To thy friend be ever near;
For the weapon-brother ever
Is the arm-band of thy spear,
In thy need.

If in strife of voice and lyre
Thou to triumph shalt aspire;
'Tis the flame of truth immortal,
Which shall kindle all the fire
Of thy soul or song;
As the eye unto the seer,
To the singer is the ear;
Wherefore things of hidden wisdom
Unto both belong.

Lay me down to final rest,
On the hill of lofty crest;

Where the sunbeam of the morning
Drives the shadows of the west
From the shore;
Where the shattered pines are strown,
And the dead oak waits alone;
'Till the dust of all his glory,
Shall be mingled with mine own,
Evermore.

This the ancient singer told,
This and more the shepherd old,
Spoke with whispering broken utterance
Ere his blanching lips grew cold;
Also there
Did he give to Mandan bold,
First, a royal sword of old;
Then a lyre to him the younger;
Wrought with sacred gems and gold—
Each a mighty charm did hold—
And his hands he crossed upon them,
That in blessing and abundance,
They might share.

When in silent death he lay,
Bore him thence his sons away;
In the morning twilight gray;
Laid him down to pulseless slumber,

THE SONG OF THE WAHBECK.

On the hill of lofty summit,
By the rolling Gitchee Gumee,
By the silvery billowed bay,
 With a prayer.

Placed the mistletoe abôve him,
Set the markstone o'er his clay—
Looking toward the east away,
 Sleeps he there.

Then went Mandan boldly forth,
O'er the waste and boundless north;
Where the sleepless stars unsetting
 Ever roll;
O'er the mountain's jagged steep,
Through the gorges dark and deep;
Through the ever-reaching forests;
O'er the snowy plains which sleep
Where the icy rivers creep,
 Toward the pole.

For he sought a matchless prize,
In a wond'rous land; which lies
Far beneath the arctic skies;
Only mentioned in traditions,
 By the ancient Medas told—
And his father's sword he bore,
With its charmed blade of yore;

On his head a plume he wore ;
And his ringing shield of copper
Flashed with jewels, which before,
Were a monarch's chosen store,
In a land of old.

'Till he reached a wintry shore,
Hemmed by mountains sharp and hoar ;
Fenced with citadels of frostwork
Where the ice caves shone ;
Crystal palaces of more
Than imperial splendor, glittering
In the sparkling air which bore
All the rainbow's tints and more—
All the marvelous hues which pour
From the frost king's throne.

For the wond'rous light there flows,
Which the mystic north fire throws,
Mingling every hue which glows
In each gem and flower ;
O'er the jeweled sky and land,
Valley deep and mountain grand ;
Forests marshaled with their legions
Like a halted host, which stand,
With their snowy plumes high waving,
By their rock-piled towers.

There a mighty river's tide,
Swept with current deep and wide;
Wrecks of forests, crashing ice reefs,
On its turbid waves did ride
 To the northward seas;
On the shaded solemn shores,
Boundless woodlands spread their stores—
There did Mandan build his vessel
 Framed of stalwart trees.

And the spirits of the shores—
Brought him curious sails and oars;
Cords of strangest sea vine twisted;
Anchors forged of precious ores;
 By their gnome-like skill;
All his comrades hand to hand,
On the rocky hill and strand,
Like the beaver's busy band,
 Labored, wondering still.

Ere the moon had changed her horn,
Or the wond'rous arctic morn,
Ushered in the annual noontide
To the further isles forlorn;
Was the perfect vessel borne
 On the tide;
Past the headland's turrets grim,

Through the mist clouds dank and dim;
Through the tortuous straights and seaways,
By the icefield's jagged rim—
O'er the deep sea's glassy billows,
Where the frost-built mountains swim,
Did she glide.

To a coast of dreadful height,
Piled with glaciated mountains white;
From whose countless spires electric
Doth the marvelous arctic light,
Blaze tremendous on the sight;
When the winter's dreary night
Sternly reigns—
There a winding chasm led
Through the mountain barrier dread,
To the happy vales which spread,
Where a kindlier nature ordered,
And a joyous life was shed
O'er the plains.

There the month-long noon is bright;
There the swimming mellow light
Glows and fades through lunar cycles,
All the long, long day.
Fenced within their granite towers,
From the outer storm which lowers;

Lie the odorous fields and bowers ;
Where the strange revolving sunlight,
Paints with stranger hues the flowers,
Those which sleep not all the hours,
Of their dewless May.

Through the gorge did Mandan haste,
From the wintry, watery waste ;
'Twixt the towering glassy bastions,
Toward the pole—

Through the happy vales that lay
Farther on his venturous way—
Yet in these he might not stay ;
If his hand would grasp the treasure
Of his soul.

On, where silvery rivers rolled,
By the hanging rock and wold ;
On through sloping fields of roses ;
Plains of billowy green and gold—
Meads whose blossom caskets hold
Odorous gems of candied nectar,
Sealed in cells of curious mould ;
Jewel crowned.

Hues of morning's march of fire,
Mingled tints of Eve's attire ;
In the festal sunlight floated ;

O'er the plains and breezy uplands,
O'er the mountain forests higher—
Day born winds that life inspire,
Waked the forest's chapel music;
Every tree attuned its lyre;
Every vale its flute note echoes
 Joined around.

Thus his changing journey led,
'Till he reached a valley dread;
Deep and dark and dismal valley;
Doleful region of the dead—
Sulph'rous clouds around it spread,
Which a noisome odor shed;
There the sunlight enters never,
And the stars are fierce and red;
Circling over it forever;
And the pole star overhead,
 Never sleeps.

There no living creatures go,
There no plant of earth may grow;
There the boiling fountains leaping,
Forth their hissing torrents throw;
And the lurid earth-fire's glow,
Lights the chasms far below;
And an awful voice from under

THE SONG OF THE WAHBEEK.

Loudly booms, or doleful mutters ;
Which the suffocating thunders,
In their prison caverns utter
From the deeps.

Hither Mandan boldly sped,
Passing through the portals dread,
Not with feeble fearful tread ;
For a courage more than mortal
Dwelt in him ;
Far behind him on the plain,
Did his comrades all remain ;
Chilled the blood within their veins,
Lest the spirits' hot displeasure
Smite their leader and his train,
Should the venture prove in vain,
In that terrible domain
Of the fearful Rhim.

As he passed the outer bound,
Black the horrid portals frowned ;
Black beneath the oozy ground ;
Black the clammy air about him ;
Black the tumbling clouds around—
Vomited the yawning chasms,
Pitchy fumes which struggled upward,
Through contending blasts, around ;

And the quaking ledges bore him
On, through horrors more profound ;
 Spreading far ;
Yet within that hall of doom,
Saw he through the hideous gloom,
By that strange light's subtle magic,
Which such horrors doth illume ;
Though 'twere all as midnight's womb ;
Shut from light of sun or planet,
 Moon or star.

Every voice the winds may bear,
Of the fire, or sea, or air ;
Every sound of earth or river,
Swelled in wide confusion there,
 Harsh, and mild ;
Sounds of waterfalls that leap ;
Boom of tide waves strong and deep ;
Groan of forests, crack of icebergs,
Hailstones' rattle, streamlets' purling,
 Soft, and wild.

As he stepped, the earth below,
Rumbling rocked with earthquake's throe ;
Stunning thunders crashed about him,
 At each breath ;
As he further trod, did roar

Sounds of whelming fire before;
Crash of avalanche bursting o'er him,
Jetting vapor's hissing roar—
Noise of tumbling rocks and lava,
Thundered past and evermore
Whizzing meteors 'round and o'er,
Horrid darts of fire did pour;
Blood red flames and blue commingled,
Rode the sulph'rous blasts which bore
Bolts of death.

Thus 'mid sights and sounds of dread,
Toiled he on with sturdy tread;
On, through leagues where dangers thickened
'Round his feet and o'er his head,
More and more;
Till within that circle drear,
Did a wondrous place appear,
Filled with more and mightier terrors,
There had human vision never
Pierced before.

There the Spirit of the Earth,
Since the universe had birth;
Rhim, the son of light and darkness,
Reigns alone—
In that central spot of all,

Hath he reared his wonder hall;
Not of tower and buttress tall,
Pillared front or chiseled wall,
All his marvelous pavilion,
With its dark and dreadful glories,
Would a mortal's heart appall,
Should they on his vision fall—
And within his awful curtains
Of the blended day and night:
Darkness dread, and fearful light—
Of the fierce electric light
And the midnight's blackest pall;
On a rock both huge and tall—
Rock of loadstone huge and tall,
Is his throne.

In his fearful, reaching hands
Doth he hold the viewless bands
Of the earth and changing planets—
Of the stars and flying comets,
Which terrestrial order keep;
And his sceptre of command
Touches every sea and land;
And the tidal surges leap,
At his breathing on the deep,
And the rising earthquakes answer
At his call:

THE SONG OF THE WAHBECK.

And the thunder voice replies
Mid the tumult of the skies;
And the scathing lightnings fly
At the glancing of his eye;
And the hailstorms thunder by;
And the whirlwinds at his bidding
Hasten all.

There did Mandan gaze with awe,
On the wond'rous things he saw;
Things which mortal cannot utter
Though he knew—
Only this he might unfold;
Mandan living did behold,
Rhim upon his throne of loadstone;
And the terrible revealings
Smote his blood with horrid cold,
Though the charmed sword of old
Fated talisman of safety,
Forth he drew.

Yet the terror quickly passed,
And his heart beat loud and fast
When the mighty spirit cast
Gracious countenance upon him,
Saying, cometh one at last?
Hath no mortal of the past
Dared as thou,

Thus to claim my awful aid ?
Since the ancient charm was laid
On thy wonder-working blade,
None hath dared before me stand,
And the promised boon demand,
Which I here bestow upon thee,
Until now.

Here a higher prize behold
To thy spirit fierce and bold ;
Than the jeweled crown or sceptre,
Monarchs wear :
This, the Stone of Power, is thine,
On thy shield of war to shine—
By its potency divine,
Human hands or arts malign,
For thy hurt in vain combine ;
None shall stand before thy weapon,
When they see the mystic sign
Glowing there.

This the ancient singer told ;
This, and more in days of old :
This and more, how Mandan bold,
From the presence of the spirit,
Did withdraw :
From that terrible domain,
Toward the pleasant world again,

To his comrades on the plain;
Who had watched for him in pain,
Fearing all his venture vain;
Till they scarce believed him present
Whom they deemed among the slain,
When they saw.

Back across the pleasant land;
By the streams with golden sand,
Many a lakelet's lilied strand,
Went the joyful hearted band;
Journeying slow;
'Mid the yellow sleepless flowers,
Purple woods and fruited bowers,
'Neath the strange revolving sunlight,
Where the birds sing all the hours—
All the month-long morning hours,
Did they go.

Through the pass they trod before,
Twixt the glassy heights which soar;
To the cragged wintry shore—
To the north light's frigid birth place—
On the bounding ship once more
Did they stand—
Soon across the friendly seas,
Did they sweep, for now a breeze,

Through the winding gorge, which issued,
From the pleasant land beyond,
As a breathing soft and fond,
Bore them swiftly on with ease,
Toward their land.

On the tapering masts it blew ;
'Till to stately trees they grew ;
Trees of rare and beauteous foliage ;
Which the North land forests knew ;
And the ropes as vines anew,
Clambered all the branches through ;
And the sails as garlands flew,
On the air ;
'Till they reached the homeward strand
With the arctic forests grand,
And the citadels of frostwork—
Scarce the prow had touched the land,
Ere the planks and beams did stand
Changed to rock and shell and sand ;
As a portion of the strand ;
With the vines and mast trees firmly
Planted there.

Now their homeward way they keep,
Where the icy rivers sweep ;
O'er the snowy plains that sleep,

THE SONG OF THE WAHBECK.

Through the gorges dark and deep;
O'er the jagged mountains steep;
 'Till the midnight sun
Tips the northward mountain chain—
'Till across the boundless plain,
Sunset's fires they greet again;
And the fitful north-lights signal
 Half the march is done.

Passing deserts grim and bare,
Blooming groves and valleys fair,
Through the ever reaching forests
 On through glade and fen:
On by cabin, fort and tower,
Farthest bound of human power,
By the hamlet, field and city;
 Busy haunt of men:
To the distant land which lay,
By the silvery billowed bay
Of the rolling Gitchee Gumee:
 To the sun-bright glen.

This the ancient singer told,
This, and more did Mandan bold,
When he went upon his journey
O'er the North land wide and cold:
For the royal sword of old,

Which the shepherd gave to him,
 In his life's last hour,
Bore in mystic figures dim,
By a wizard's mighty magic,
All the awful charm of Rhim ;
So that who the blade dare bring
To the Spirit's fearful presence,
Should a wond'rous treasure win ;
Known to ancient Medas only :
 Called the Stone of Power.

Ere the night her shadows brought
For his brother Mandan sought :
Him the shepherds named from childhood,
Klo-lo-war, of happy thought ;
 Of the lyre and song ;
Through the glen and by the bay,
By the hills and streams away,
In the fields and tents of shepherds,
 Sought he far and long.

But his seeking was in vain,
Through the forests and the plain ;
But these tidings could he gain ;
That when Spring was in the meadows,
 He had flown :
Why, or whither, none could say,

THE SONG OF THE WAHBECK.

Who had seen him on his way :
He had passed beyond the valleys
With his lyre and staff away,
All alone.

To a land which lay along,
Two fair rivers broad and strong,
Toward the pleasant southwind lying ;
Land of sunlight and of song,
Went he on.

Broad the plains before him lay,
Mighty rivers crossed his way ;
Yet with joyful heart he journeyed,
Where the forest's leafy curtains
Stretched continuously away ;
By the vales and meadows gay,
Tesselled all with gems of May :
For his soul was filled with music—
Filled with visions all the day ;
Gentle as the twilight's ray ;
Glorious as the leaping splendors
Of the dawn.

Through a country wide and good,
To a temple old, which stood,
In the centre of a wood ;
One whose avenues majestic,
Opened broad and fair :

To a mossy rock which rose
Clad with twining grape and rose ;
And his staff he laid beside him,
And his lyre's sweet tones arose,
In the evening light's repose ;
And the birds and breezes listened,
And the echoes only whispered ;
As each low melodious close
 Thrilled the grateful air :

All the fields fresh odors bore,
All the trees new jewels wore ;
Which the maiden of the rainbow,
From her casket's mingled store—
From her scented vase did pour
To the roses and the spikenards,
 As she passed :
And the purple clouds rolled higher,
And the western pearl and fire,
With the rainbow colors mingling ;
Over forest, field and spire,
Ever changeable attire,
 Gently cast.

Then a maiden strangely fair,
All her charms more saintly rare,
In the slanting sunbeams glowing,
In the amber tinted air ;

Stood beneath the scented curtains
Of the spicewood bower :
Heeding him, and him alone,
By the ancient rocking stone ;
Lingering, wondering, listening ever
To the melodies which never
Mortal ear or soul had known
Till that hour.

As the blissful strains did swim,
On the ear and through the spirit,
Grew her eyes with tear mists dim :
And her soul was all on him,
Till he ceased :

Rueful then to hear no more,
Wandered she the gardens o'er,
Toward the ancient curious palace ;
And the singer passing, hastened,
To the temple's open door ;
Where the mystic rites of yore
Called the hierophantic corps,
Who the sacred emblems bore ;
With the singers and the players
And the priests.

Grandly rose the spacious fane,
With its massive pillars twain ;

And its glorious curtained chambers,
Lit with ceaseless holy flame:
And the swelling evening chorus,
Through the hundred cloisters rolling;
Floated o'er the distant plain,

Full and clear.

There before the lofty gate,
Klo-lo-war did silent wait;
Of the maiden's beauty dreaming,
When a priest of solemn gait,
Coming, roused him, saying, hasten,
Wherefore art thou now so late?
'Tis the festival tomorrow,
And the chorus singers wait—

Stay not here.

For he thought him surely one
Of the Chanters of the Sun;
Those who swelled the annual chorus,
When the Solstice rites begun;

And he led

Klo-lo-war along the way,
Where the sacred garments lay—
Soon in order he was girded,
And among the chosen choir,
Did he bear his wond'rous lyre;

With the everliving garland
On his head.

Through the solemn chambers vast,
Sweeps the grand procession past;
Aged priests with snowy mitres,
And the hierophant the last,

Do they go:

Bearing symbols veiled from sight;
Of the ancient mystic rite—
Of the heavenly bodies bright—
Of the old chaotic night—
Of the awful birth of light—
Moving on with doleful requiem
In the dim sepulchral light,

Sad and slow—

All the multitude around,
With their faces toward the ground,
Bow with wailing lamentations
As the solemn hosts go round,
And the instruments of sound
And the singers' voices mingle,
Strains of woe.

And the soundings of the dirge,
Like the echoings of the surge,
When the winds the leaping billows

On the caverned headlands urge,
 Rise and fall ;
And the monarch with his crown,
And the maid with veil and gown,
And the flamen with his ephod,
And the Captain of renown,
And the spearman, with his armor,
And the tiller grim and brown,
And the shepherd with his girdle,
And the servant with his burden,
With the beggar bowing down,
 Worship all.

Thus the solemn pageant swept,
And the priests their vigils kept,
'Till the lingering hours had crept
 Past the midnight's bourne :
And the night's last tears were wept,
And the sun to wait his triumph,
In his eastern chamber slept,
And his shining herald stepped ⁽¹²⁾
Forth before the rosy threshold,
 Of the morn.

Now the chorus grand must rise,
As he mounts the glowing skies ;

(12) "And his shining herald stepped." The planet Mercury being very near the sun, often appears as the Morning Star when the eastern sky is red.

And the chanters all assemble;
And the multitude, their eyes
To the eastern glories turning,
Silent stand;

When, as yet to all unknown,
As the flamen's signal shone,
Klo-lo-war to sound the anthem,
Stood before the host alone;
Girt with holy azure zone,
With his lyre of wond'rous tone,
In his hand.

With his lyre upon his arm,
And his bow, which bore a charm—
Not the spell of any wizard,
Not the touch of powers that harm,—
Only Harmony's hidden working
Did it hold:

For the sacred chords of sound,
Hold a mystery profound,—
Have a mystic inner concord,
With their harmonies inwound,—
Have a strain of perfect numbers,
Which no cunning can divine;
Which if human hand combine
Brings a charm which is divine,
On the soul.

This did Klo-lo-war alone,
Of all mortals ever known;
When he sang beside the stone,—
When his soul in dreams had flown,
And his hand unwitting wandered,
 To and fro;
And his touch the hidden numbers
Drew in concert from the shell;
And the strings were fired with rapture,
From the coming of the spell,—
From the power which instant fell,
 On his bow.

With his form of solemn air,
With his features nobly fair,
And his limbs of graceful motion,
And his golden glowing hair,
To his symbol'd vestment floating,
Did he stand sublimely there,
 In the throng:
As the morning stars grew pale,
And the night's mysterious veil,
Slowly toward the western mountains
Passed from over plain and vale;
Rose his words of wond'rous fire,
To the gushings of the lyre,
Which the bow enchanted, kindled:

And the dumb and listening choir
Found no power to wake their voices
In the song.

Song of Klo-lo-war.

Rise! Rise! Rise!

Haste, O most glorious, ride in thy might,
Forth on thy course through the welcoming skies:
Haste from thy innermost chamber, which lies,
Far in the depth of the infinite night;
Speed to thy goal on the uppermost skies,
Rise, O thou mighty, arise!

Hail! Hail! Hail!

Earth to thy presence exultingly leaps,—
Ocean and river, and mountain and dale,
Shout with their hosts, when thy chariot sweeps
Forth through the fields of the lazulite deeps,—
Shout when thy strength shall in triumph prevail;
Hail in thy glory, all hail!

Light! Light! Light!

This is thy life-bearing gift from of old,—
Void were creation, omnipotent night,—
Earth but a chaos, the universe cold;
If thou from the sky's blackened vault shouldst take flight
Or the flame spring of mortal existence withhold,—
Light, O ineffable light!

Dead ! Dead ! Dead !

Earth as a corpse in the blackness would lie,—
Only the stars their pale glimmering shed,
As lamps of the death scene eternal, out-spread ;
But spirits of hell keep the watch of the dead ;
And voices of night through the pall of the sky,
Utter a wail of the dead.

But flow, flow, flow :

Beauty of excellence ; glory of all ;
And heaven from its highest, and earth from below,
Thine ample pavilion of glory shall glow ;
The desert of death to a paradise grow ;
And life and delight, which thy glances recall,
Through the jubilant universe flow.

Behold ! Behold ! Behold !

'Tis the flame of his locks on the firmament borne ;
And the stars dare not look through the azure unrolled,
On the pavement of fire, and of jacinth and gold ;
Which is spread for his march through the arch of the morn :
He comes to his triumph, behold !

Shout ! Shout ! Shout !

Hosts of all nature come forth with delight :
Islands and shores, send your greetings about :
Peoples and kingdoms, with rapture unite—
Wake the loud chorus for vanquished is night—

Sing as he rises, full girded with might,—
The dome of high heaven holds the jubilee bright ;
For the day of triumphant, beneficent light :
Shout, O Earth's multitudes, shout !

Higher ! Higher ! Higher !
Crown with thy glory the noon of the year ;
Master of seasons and lord of the skies,
Second to Yah Ho alone, the supreme ;
Who moves in thy going, and shines in thy beam ;
Whose strength doth thy glory from darkness redeem,
Who, only, is mightier and higher.

As his wondrous notes did flow,
Swept the lyre the charmed bow ;
And its mighty spell did throw
Over all ;
Chained was every heart and tongue,
As the golden numbers rung,
Thrilling, whelming every spirit,
Every soul that host among,
Great and small.

Through the courts about that spread,
Where the aisles through cloisters led ;
Through th' adytum dim and dread ;
Through the chancel high o'er head ;
Rolled the sound ;

Rising, spreading, swelling still,
All of heaven it seemed to fill :
Trees and curtains felt the thrill,
And the altar flame stood still :
Pillar, wall and pavement trembled,
All around :

And the monarch of command,
And the maid with veil and wand,
And the flamen with his ephod ;
And the captain with his brand ;
And the spearman with his buckler,
And the tiller of the land ;
And the shepherd with his girdle,
And the servant with his band ;
With the beggar, sank with rapture,
On the ground.

Yet the anthem scarce had ceased,
When a hoary-headed priest
Cried, with voice of perturbation,
Who is this doth mar our feast,
And defile our sacred mysteries,
Thus so long ?

'Tis a stranger of the plain,
None of all the priestly train,
None of all th' elected singers ;
One with naught of consecration ;

Who hath dared with voice profane
Mingle strange unholy strains
In our song.

And the chanters cried as well;
There is evil in his shell,—
'Twas a daemon's evil presence
From its sinful numbers fell—
Not in mortal hand such spell
E'er did lie.

And the hierophant came near,
Crying who hath brought him here?
This is blasphemy we hear;
He hath sung the praise of Yah Ho—
By our sacred laws severe,
He must die.

And the multitude did shout,
And the cry arose all about;
He hath brought the wrath of Mathro
On the land.
Soon the famine's curse will fall,
Over field and vineyard all;
We shall perish great and small,
By his hand.

And the tumult wilder grew,
All the courts and temple through;

And the maidens of the chorus,
Veiled and mantled, all withdrew
 From the strife;
And the priests retired afar,
Where the guards brought Klo-lo-war,
To the council of the flamens;
For his deadly crime to answer,
At the pontiff's awful bar—
At the judgment seat of Mathro,
 With his life.

With his lyre of wondrous sound,
With his azure girdle bound,
With his choral garland crowned;
In that ghostly court of terror,
Where no pity might be found;
 Did he wait;
And the Hierarch in the east,
To the throng of mitred priests,
Spoke the awful law of Mathro,
And the council when he ceased,
From the greatest to the least,
Uttered all, the doleful sentence
 Of his fate.

But the maid who wandered lone,
In the garden by the stone,—

By the ancient rocking stone,—
She, the fair Lowiel, who listened
To the lyre's enchanted tone;
Came with prayer,—
To the king with tears and prayer,
Yet the singer's life to spare;
Saying, wherefore should he perish?
What the evil he hath done?
Who of all th' elected singers,
With this chanter of the sun
May compare?

If thou save him, he shall stand,
As a jewel of thy hand;
He hath power to win all mortals
To the love of thy command,
By his shell—
If his song indeed were harm,
Whence the wonder-working charm
Which came down upon all spirits,
At the moving of his arm?
Surely, truth he sang of Yah Ho,
Wrought the spell.

Then the king commandment gave,
To the priests, his life to save;
'Till he come before his presence,
In his hall;

And they brought him to the throne,
Where he lordly stood alone,
'Mid the captains, guards and heralds,
All unknowing and unknown;
And his manly beauty shone,
As the fairest and the rarest
Of them all.

Said the king with solemn brow,
Answer truly to me now;
What thy name and who thy father;
And what countryman art thou?
Who thy king?
Also why thou darest stand
With the chanters' sacred band;
What hath brought thee to the temple,
With unhallowed voice and hand,
The forbidden praise of Yah Ho,
Thus to sing?

Then said he, I dwell away,
By a silvery billowed bay;
Of the sea of many waters
In a sunbright glen;
In my country I am one
Of the Chanters of the Sun;
And I came before the temple
When the worship was begun;

And the ancient priest did bid me
Thus to do as I have done ;
For I wist not praise of Yah Ho
Was forbidden in the chorus,
Among men.

When the king thus far had heard,
Seemed his pity greatly stirred ;
And he spoke as though to utter
Some benign and friendly word,
In his cause ;

And the priests were filled with gloom,
And stood silent in the room ;
For they feared the king would save him
From the swift and fearful doom
Of the laws.

But he said : I come from far,
And my name is Klo-lo-war ;
I am son of Malk, the shepherd,
Once a king renowned in war,
Years ago ;

With my lyre and bow in hand,
Do I seek a distant land ;
Ever harmless in my journey,
As I now before thee stand ;
And no more do I demand,

Than the welcome of a singer,
With the friendly greeting hand,
As I go.

Then the king was as amazed;
And his hand and voice he raised;
And he smote upon his forehead,
And his eyes with anger blazed;
As he cried,
Let the curse of Mathro be
On thy father and on thee;
Thou art doomed to death already,
For my deadly foe was he,—
One who sought to wrest my kingdom;
And for this thou com'st to me;
I have sworn his race shall perish
With his pride.

Then to fearful death they led
Klo-lo-war with solemn tread;
Through the palace courts and gardens,
Toward the distant scaffold dread,—
Oft with guiltless currents red;
Past the rock;
Then again the princess there
Came with weeping and with prayer,
To the lordly flamens kneeling,

As they paused with scornful air;
Yet beseeching them to spare
Yet his golden head to spare
From the block.

There did Klo-lo-war again,
On his lyre awake the strain;
And the spell came o'er all spirits,
As before;
And they stood beneath the charm;
None could lift a hand to harm;
And the rapture grew and kindled;
Swaying every heart and arm;
More and more.

And he stood apart and played,
In the rock's benignant shade;
And the guards and priests grew weary;
And the king was sore afraid,
As the long procession staid;
And he walked with hot displeasure
In his hall;
And the singer did not rest
'Till the sun had sunk to rest,
And the moon was in the west—
Still his bow the viol pressed;
And the night wind listn'ing waited;

And the trees with jeweled crests,
And the flowers with mingled vests,
And the vines with chaplets dressed,
Drew with dewy eyes toward him,
Weeping all.

And the loving, trusting maid,
Nor of priest nor sire afraid;
Near him coming, ever nearer,
All the shadowy night time staid
To the wond'rous music listening
With the flowers;

As she gazed on him alone,
By the vine-clad rocking stone;
Listening, weeping, marveling ever,
As the enchanted strains did swim,
On the air and through the spirit;
And her soul was all on him,
All the hours.

But the soul controlling charm
Might not urge the mortal arm;
And his wearied hand did tremble;
Though his heart was strong and calm;
And the guards stood waiting 'round,
'Till the notes should cease to sound
On the lyre;

And when morning o'er the plain
Golden sandaled came again,
Touching all the sky and landscape
With her pencil's colored flame;
And the clouds were changing signals
 With the westward mountain spires;
Rose his death song's swelling strain,
Sweeter, fuller, loftier flowing,
As his soul did something gain,
Of the wond'rous life of pain;
Such as withering flowers regain;
When their tortured stems are writhing
 In the fire.

“Wake Song and Lyre, awake!
Bound, bound my heart, though every throbbing wild
 Another tortured string forever break;
The soul of music dies with Malka's child;
 Soul, shell, and song, awake!

Ye plaining notes of woe,
And joyous accents of the festal lyre;
 Be mute before the mighty passions glow,
Which sweeps my soul, and whelms in awful fire,
 The notes of joy and woe.

With throes of mightier strife,
And wilder ardor as my life blood chills;

My straining spirit grasps; but not for life—
Not such poor triumph could my bosom thrill
With this delirious strife.

Above all things of earth,
My soul exults, while grosser vision fades;
To win the light which crowns celestial birth—
Which fires with ecstasy these mortal shades
Above all things of earth.

Farewell thou god-voiced lyre;
In stranger hands thy melodies will die;
The love-winged notes which kindled all thy fire,
Shall slumber hushed where Klo-lo-war shall lie;
Farewell, thou wond'rous lyre.

Before my soul appear
Ghosts of my fathers, heroes, prophets all;
Ye bend to greet me to your peaceful sphere;
Thou reverend sire, I come, I hear thy call;
Before thy form appears.

To all your triumphs high,
Receive your stricken offspring from his woe;
Who knows to live, may haste as ye to die
To spurn the joys, the pangs which earth can show,
To win your triumphs high.

Behind the gathering gloom,
Bright childhood's joys, and hopes of youth retire ;
Smiles of the living, memories of the tomb,—
All earth-found bliss and hopes and fame expire,
Behind the closing gloom.

All, all, but Love, alone—
But this shall gird and crown my soul as here ;
When in the realms of light and truth unknown,
Ecstatic life shall fill its ample sphere,—
Love lives in death alone.

Triumphant now my song,—
Now baffled malice, let thy javelins smite ;
The immortal fires unquenched in blood, grow strong ;
The soul of Klo-lo-war to bear to loftier flight,
And more triumphant song."

As the winged notes did soar,
And the tide of passion more
Through his fervid soul did pour,
He did seem,
As a form unearthly bright,
Such as mocks the wildered sight ;
Half disclosed and half unreal,
In the uncreated light
Of a dream.

And the cheeks of all grew pale,
And the stoutest heart did fail;
And the earth swam back before them,
As his rapture did prevail;
As the thronging concords mingled

On the shell;

'Till when sunlight's silver gleam
On the purple heights did stream,
Fell his pulseless arm beside him,
As his vision caught the gleam;
And the bow upon the greensward
Broken fell.

And the multitude about,
On the instant gave a shout;
And the guards with brandished weapons
Pressed upon him from about

For his life;

And a mighty tumult grew,
And their bows the archers drew,
And their bolts the spearmen threw;
And the flinty winged missiles,
Pierced his bosom through and through;
And his blood was on his mantle;
On his choral girdle blue;
And his golden locks were trampled

In the strife.

But Lowiel the maiden true,
With her mighty love, which grew,
In the lovelight of his presence
Which no terror might subdue;
By him kneeled;
For his glance seraphic shone
With a mystery all its own,—
With a charm above the tone
Of the melody enchanted;
And its light to her alone,
Was revealed.

And the crimson, flowing tide
From his heart, her mantle dyed,
As they tore him from her side,
In their haste;
But the flamens cried forbear;
It was wrong to smite him there;
For the sacred laws declare
He must lie where he is slain;
And his sepulchre profane,
On this sacred spot and fair,
Be a waste.

Then a grave they quickly made,
Where his manly form was laid;
And the multitude withdrawing,

Left him resting in the shadow
Of the ancient rocking boulder,
 Sweet and calm;
And the trees with bending crowns,
Cast their morning jewels down;
And the vines of odors rare,
Shed their incense o'er him there;
And the flowers bent down their frontlets,
To the singing summer air
 With its psalm.

And the spirits of the grove
'Round him curious garlands wove;
And they gave the maple fair,
Golden tresses of his hair.
To the violets weeping there,
Tints his azure eyes did wear;
And the honeysuckle golden,
Of his crimson blood did share
 With the rose;
And the winds did catch a tone
Of the lyre's expiring moan;
And their gentle breathings murmur,
And their tempests sob and groan,
'Round the ancient rocking stone:
Which his monument forever
 Doth repose.

But Lowiel in all her woe,
To her people might not go;
For the blood of the blasphemer
On her hands was seen to flow;

And she staid

By the spot whereon he fell,
By the broken bow and shell;
Where the vine roof friendly mantled,
O'er the flowers which watched as well;
Where within its silent cell

He was laid.

And the days went slowly 'round
With their summer glories crowned,
But her life was swiftly passing,
In a fatal circle bound

Evermore;

And the autumn's golden hours
Came and lulled the wearied flowers;
And the wintry winds came weaving
Dusky mourning for the bowers;
Wrought of seared and shattered garlands
Which they bore.

Through each dreary wintry day,
Ebb'd the maiden's life away;
Only one, a captive princess,

From a country far away,
Dared to clasp her hand or stay
 By her there;
All her courtly maiden train,
Shun'd the hand of the profane,
Who had loved th' accursed blasphemer;
And beside the worshiped slain,
Ever waiting, ever wailing
Must the bride of grief remain
 In despair.

'Till a grand triumphal feast
Called each captain, lord and priest,
To the curious, ancient palace;
North, and south and west and east
 Came they all;
And among their host a guest;
Stranger warrior from the west;
Famed for deeds of wond'rous prowess;
One of matchless arm possessed,
 Fair and tall.

In the palace chambers grand,
Gathered many a courtly band;
Lords and magnates of the land;
 Warriors strong and bold;
And the guest his honors bore

Nobly there on field and floor ;
With his heroes twenty score ;
Men of brave and goodly presence—
On his head a plume he wore,
And a curious sword he bore ;
And his ringing shield of copper
Flashed with jewels, which before
Were a monarch's chosen store,
In a land of old.

And when amber light was thrown,
From the evening's golden zone ;
Walked he past the courts and gardens
Toward the ancient rocking stone,
With its bower ;
For his spirit ever wrought
With his memory whom he sought,—
Him the shepherds named from childhood,
Klo-lo-war of happy thought ;
And the feast to him was naught
In that hour.

By the rock he slowly passed,
And his thoughts upon it cast ;
When he saw the lonely maiden
In the twilight shadow kneeling
On the sere and withered grass—
And he came,

Saying gently, "Who art thou?
Wherefore thus so sadly bow?
Tell, I pray thee, whence thou comest,
And thy name."

Then the princess in surprise
Spoke with tears and broken sighs,
Telling all his fearful story
And her own;
Saying, "Here his grave is made;
Where the weeping violets fade;
Where his lifeless form was laid;
With the broken bow and viol
On him thrown."

O, the shock of Mandan's breast!
O, the woe that crushing pressed
To despair!
O, the fearful wrath which came,
Searing all his soul as flame;
As with blanching lips to heaven
Did he cry aloud for vengeance,
In the smitten singer's name,
Kneeling o'er his mangled body
Mouldering there.

"Grant, O, Yah Ho, mighty sire,
But thy bolts' devouring fire;

Let mine arm but wreak this vengeance,
Then my soul content expire,

 If thou wilt—

Strike but once with Mandan's hand,
'Till this despot, priest and people
Curse with all their blood the land
To a desert, dire, and damned
 As their guilt."

Then with speed, as sweeps the blast,
To the palace gates he passed ;
Like a cloud, whose bolts are mustering
In their fettered wrath, to leap
On the oaks upon the steep ;
And his soul rejoiced before time

 In the vengeance of the hour ;

Still his father's sword he bore,
With its charmed blade of yore ;
And his ringing shield of copper
 Bore the Stone of Power.

And the stern and mighty guards
With the brand and buckler hard ;
As he came within the portals,
 Bade him stand ;
But he put their blades aside,
And across the chambers wide

To the monarch did he hasten;
And with voice terrific, cried:
"Where is Klo-lo-war, the singer,
I demand?"

"Dost thou come to beard me here?"
Cried the monarch, yet in fear;
For the eye of Mandan smote him,
As the piercing of a spear,—
"Who art thou?"

"Son of Malk, whose blade hath greed
On thy forfeit blood to feed—
Thus the curse of Yah Ho smite thee
Here and now."

And he clove him to the breast,
As the guards about him pressed;
But no hand might stay his weapon;
And he smote them down as thistles
To the floor.

Mingling corpses great and small,
Lords and priests, and servants all,
And his heroes at his call,
Leaped as lions to the slaughter;
And they smote through court and hall;
'Till a span in depth about them
Flowed the gore.

And the captains strove to smite
Upon Mandan, left and right;
But the Stone of Power defended;
And they sank before its might,
 Great and small;
'Till their Chieftains sank amazed;
And the spearmen cowering, gazed
At the sword of Rhim, which blazed
In the fearful hand of Mandan
 Over all.

Neither fight nor fly could they;
But in terror palsied lay;
For they saw again the singer,
And the fearful wrath of Yah Ho
Struck them helpless in dismay,
 To the ground;
And 'till morning ran their gore;
Every stroke fell twenty score;
'Till no more to fill the slaughter
Upon garden, field or floor
 Could be found.

All the temple, gate and spire;
All the palace wrapped in fire,
Spreading crimson on the heavens;
Was the awful funeral pyre
 Of the warrior and the priest;

And throughout the spacious plain,
Did but ruins black remain;
For the hand of Mandan's vengeance,
Smote with sword and flame around
To the kingdom's farthest bound;
Perished city, cot and hamlet,
Until forty days went 'round,
 Ere he ceased.

While the temple's flame was red,
To the rocking stone he sped;
For the lone and holy maiden
Who was waiting by the dead;
But too late, for she had fled
 Far away;
Like the broken viol's tone,
Like the lily's odor strown;
On the wailing winds of winter,
Had her spirit passed, alone,
 From the day.

This the ancient singer told—
This and more; that Mandan bold
Laid a curse upon the kingdom,
Which a thousand years should hold;
 And with care
Did he lay the maiden low,

With the shell and broken bow,
Where the smitten singer slumbered,
 With a prayer ;
And the trees did mourn in woe ;
And the vines did wailing throw
Weeds of mourning on her bosom ;
And the winds of winter strow
For a shroud their purest snow,
 On her there.

And across the plains away
To his land that distant lay,
By the rolling Gitchee Gummee ;
By the silvery billowed bay ;
 Did he go.

And the Stone of Power he gave
To the Gitchee Gummee's wave ;
Saying, "This shall be thy dower—
Nothing more doth Mandan crave
 Of his foe."

And the rock doth stand alone,
In the wintry tempest's moan ;
In the summer's golden splendor,
 Until now.

But it mourns the forest shade ;
And the vines have long decayed ;

And the sombre moss and lichen
Have their badges wider laid
On its brow.

And when evening's light hath fled,
And the night is dim and dread,
And the stars are overhead;
And the spirits softly tread,
In their undiscovered wand'rings
On the air.

Comes a wailing, sobbing sound
On the dewy winds around;
The memorial of a sorrow,
Which the night forever keepeth;
Of the maiden who was bound
In despair.

This the tale there was of yore;
Which the singer told before;
He whose words are with the echoes
Of the language heard no more,
Since the earth grew old;
Those the deeds which few may dare;
That the love on earth most rare;
Which the love recording angels
Wrote in jeweled symbols fair;
On their leaves of gold.

This the ancient singer told—
This and more in days of old;
Of the giant rock of old,
 Standing lone;
With its strange and massy mould,
This the song unsung by any;
And the mystery unwritten,
And the history untold
 And unknown.

Low sank the tones of the Spirit in ceasing;
Still was each voice, and the light slowly waning,
Swam as the glow of a nebulous lustre
Seen in the distance of vanishing visions,—
Flashed the red stars on the smoky horizon;
Through the dim, ivy-bound, phantom-like aspens.—
Still were all voices of night in the forest;
Silence came wrapping the hearts of all living,—
Thoughts of the past, and its shadow-bound secrets
Thronged to the souls of the listeners who waited.
Moved was the sage, as he silently pondered
O'er the dark problems of man and his destiny,—
Mute was the chronicler, reckoning of ages—
Still was the hoary-browed priest, for his spirit
Toiled in the webwork of inward revealings;
Wrought with the things of the old revelations;
Tracing the blendings of fable and truth.

Still was the poet, whose soul with the singer's
Walked hand in hand through delectable regions;
Realms of the soul world, within, and above;
Far off was earth with its tumult and wailing;
Vanished its cruelty, vengeance and folly;
'Round him were spirits whose heart throbs are symphonies
Murmuring in melodies known to the blessed,
Words of that language whose strains are beatitudes—
Holiest communings of wisdom and love.

First spoke the theologue: "Strange is thy story,
What thou hast told is as words of a dreamer,
Something of wisdom commingled with folly;
Something of truth, with the falsehoods of fancy;
Such as are all things of fabulous lore;—
Such were of old the wild stories of heroes;
Such were the shadowy words of the hierophant,
Speaking of knowledge, in language of sorcery;
Drawn from the utterings of sibyl and pythoness,—
Such was the stuff of the lore of the Brahmin,
Sachem and sagamore, druid and skald.—
Textures of rottenness, robes of confusion;
Wrought of the fragments of Babel and Ammon,
Eked, with some shreds of Truth's glorious mantle;
Torn in her passing from Enoch to Abraham;
Left among brambles by David and Paul;
That which was rent and divided among them,

First by her servants, and last her accusers;
Bartered in shambles for trinkets of mammon,
Cast among rubbish, yet sought in high places,
Seen by the wayside; rejected of all.

Philosopher.

Why art thou silent?
Fain would I hear thee speak yet of creation;
Speak of the things which lie sealed with its mysteries;
Things that were born with thy manifold changes,—
Secrets of nature, withheld from her worshipers,—
Sought by the gleaners of knowledge in vain.
Tell me, I pray thee,
Whence hast thou come, and what time was thy birthnight?
Where hadst thou dwelt, ere thy bed was this rubbish?
Know'st thou at all of the mountain and sea wave?
What are the things of thy life on the plain.

Spirit of the Wahbeek.

Have not I been since the eons unmeasured?
Times which none lower than angels hath reckoned.
Far, far beyond the dim bourne of man's kenning—
Far as the uttermost arch of that causeway
Sought to be reared by the wand of the geologue,
Tottering and broken,
Based on the rubbish of mingled destructions—
Seen by the flickering torchlight of science,

Spanning the chasms where years are as atoms,
Back from the brink of all human beginnings,
Toward the black wastes of primordial night.

Have not I slept in the depths of the oceans?
Oceans, whose hot billows rolling in darkness,
Smote the black portals of night-shrouded caverns—
Billows whose voice ever hoarse on the midnight,
Wailed for the coming of sunbeam and star—
Oceans which after,
Chimed in her welcome the glory of morning;
Uttering the anthem which rose on the firmament;
Echo'd by emulous island and mountain,
'Round Earth's full circle *Te Deum laudamus*;
Chorus'd through ages by jubilant voices;
Deep unto deep with the voice of the waterspout,
Shore unto shore with the trump of the cloud.

Have not I towered on the brink of the precipice,
High where the eagle waxed faint in ascending;
High where a whisper seemed heard in the stars?
These, aye, and more, have I heard, have I witnessed,
Ere I came hither to mingle with these,—
Oaks which are sprung of the moulderings of yesterday;
Hills which were dust in the valleys of yore—
Streams which were born since I sang in their requiem,
Requiem of continents perished before.

Through the birth of land and ocean ;
Long, through darkness and commotion,
In the dim and doleful shadows ;
Left of chaos—

In the earth-investing shadows ever floating from the pole ;
Counted I the nights and mornings,
Not by signs which hail the dawning,

When Aurora's azure portals now to mortal eyes unroll ;
Not by human vision, bounded ;
Which by fuller light confounded,

Wond'ring sees by aid of darkness, what the mighty heavens unfold,

But by hidden tokens dwelling
In the heart of matter, telling

How the orbs of vast creation in their mazy cycles roll ;

How the mighty suns eternal,
Urged by ceaseless power supernal,

Turn their flaming disks in heaven, holding in their stern control
All the grand and awful systems, all the ponderous orbs which
roll

Through the circle of existence ;
Through the unimagined distance—

Worlds of majesty and glory, parts of that stupendous whole,
Whereof nature is the body, whereof God alone the soul—

Moving in unending mazes,
From the faintest star which blazes.
As the needle,

Answering by its untaught motion—
Resting on the plain or mountain,
Rocking on the heaving ocean;
Ever hails the steady pole.
Slow, the orders of progression,
In a measured, told succession,
Each more perfect, one by one;
Wheeling up in grand procession,
From the crypts of ancient darkness, to the chancel of the sun.
Silent as a vigil holy—
Quiet as the trained band workmen,
And the fitted ashlar chosen,
Came to form the mystic temple; such as earth hath seen but one;
With no jar of harsh-toned metal, 'till the perfect work was done,
Silent as a vigil holy,
Passed with folded banners slowly,
Up the avenue of shadows, through the "periods," one by one,—
Shadows blending, deep'ning, paling;
Like the spectral gloom prevailing
In old minsters when the waning moonbeams piece the night
cloud dun.
Ever pauseless through the shadows, waxing paler one by one.

Philosopher.

What the ages? tell their number,
Held by chaos undivided, ere the measured times begun—
Number of the years ere angels, hailed the seasons of the sun?

Spirit of the Wahbeek.

What the number? Couldst thou know them,
Should the recording angel show them,
To thy dim and halting vision, blazoned on th' eternal scroll?
Hast thou passed the heaven's third portal,
With the cherubim immortal,
Spanned the courses of the seraphs, that thy mind should grasp
the whole?
Hast thou told the things around thee?
Do their multitudes confound thee?
All the grains of summer's treasures, when her harvest billows
roll?
Go and first their reckoning tally
Blossoms of the hill and valley,
Count the prairie's golden bugles, note the sea shells in thy scroll.
Tell the atoms of the mountains; fix and comprehend the whole.
Is not that to come eternal?
Would it serve thee now to hear it; what the years that yet shall
roll,
Through th' eternity which stretches onward to creation's goal?
Have his years elapsed been fewer, who duration's course con-
trolled?
Is he yet an infant ruler, and his works of recent mould;
That a mortal eye should scan them?
That a human mind should span them?
And the eternal past unfold?

Yet 'twas so the mandate came,
 Bidding light on earth arise;
And the darkness lost in flame,
 Vanished from the troubled skies.

Fires that wing the beam of day,
 All of mist and cloud consume;
Sink the ancient shades away,
 And the earth is dressed in bloom.

Not by fiat's instant force;
 Finishing what ne'er began;
But in order's constant course,
 Wrought by universal plan.

That which patient forces ply
 In the web of life sublime;
As the countless shuttles fly
 In the restless loom of time.

Ever plying cause on cause,
 Linked through being's endless range;
On the warp of changeless laws,
 Weaving woof of ceaseless change.

Then the spanning heavens outshed
 All their azure flood serene;

Streams their silvery billows spread ;
Earth her garniture of green.

Seas in dismal gloom that lay,
Mirrored back the mountain's side ;
Plains which ne'er beheld the day,
Blazed in sunlight's living tide.

Floods of glory robed the hills ;
Like the mantle of the morn ;
When her glowing urn distils
All the hues which earth adorn.

Mountains in their lordly ranks,
Poured a thousand halos bright,
O'er their crimson curtained flanks ;
From their diadems of light.

Then the stars of morning sang,
As the bounding orb appeared ;
'Till the heavenly echoes rang ;
Where the farthest comet veered.

Then the sons of God on high,
Welcoming the bride of light ;
Poured along the upper sky,
Pæans to creative might.

From the distant orbs which roll
In the zodiac's boundless plane,
To the adamantean pole,
Swelled the universal strain.

Theologist.

Who the wond'rous notes may tell;
Who the awful song record?
What the strains which man may swell,
When the heavens do praise the Lord?

Spirit of the Wahbeek.

Earth responsive hailed the bands;
Waking all her sounding choirs—
Echoed back the chorus grand,
Sweeping from the astral lyres.

Thunders chimed in measured notes,
Forests high, exulting sung;
Winds upon their viols smote;
Vales their echo bugles rung.

Cataracts from their cragged thrones
Poured their torrents forth in song;
Cliff and chasm's answering tones,
Anthems of the seas prolong.

Rocks and mountains clapped their hands;
Oceans danced with all their waves;
Beating on the golden sands,
To the organs of the caves.

'Twas the jubilee of light—
Of a world from night set free;
Other jubilee as bright,
Earth had one, and one must be.

Theologist.

Truly let mankind be dumb,
When upon His holy hill,
He doth to His temple come;
Yea, let all the earth be still.

Truly in that day of light,
Why should man be there to see?
Only angels might unite
In such glorious jubilee.

Poet.

Yes, alone in dreams of ours,
We the things of Heaven may share—
If such vision overpowers,
Who the very scene might bear?

Spirit of the Wahbeek.

On the tide of being passed,
Still the march of life went by;
Sweeping 'round the cycles vast,
Where the dateless epochs lie.

All the universe of things,
Born of elemental strife;
All the countless forms which spring
In the matrices of life.

All with voice of joyous tone,
Insect's hum to thunder's roar—
Minstrelsy of every zone,
Every note which life can pour.

All and each, with measured tread,
To the planets' chime serene;
Thronging wonders wider spread,
Grander swept the marv'lous scene.

To the goal of "periods," where
Man, the living soul appears;
Toward the centuries' markstone fair,
Pressing with th' uncounted years.

Here the six prolific days,
With their wond'rous work is done;

Hail the jubilee of praise,
For the Sabbath is begun.

Philosopher.

Yea, 'tis Sabbath where is man—
Where the living soul is found,—
All the work by ordered plan,
Last with human life is crowned.

Spirit of the Wahbeek.

Here unrolls the human chain,
Object of the mighty toil;
Inmost of th' unmeasured train,
Winding from the wond'rous coil.

All the birth of life complete,
"All is good," the plaudit came—
Earth and sea the word repeat,
Heaven with all its hosts the same.

'Round her finished orb displayed,
Earth her fairest vestments wore.
Lamb and lion fondly played;
Death his wonted stroke forbore. (13)

(13) "Death his wonted stroke forebore." There seems to be no doubt that death has always existed among the animal and vegetable creation. The common dogma that death was unknown on earth until the fall of man, has no express support in Scripture, and is flatly contradicted by the truths of geology.

Sulph'rous cloud, and noisome blast,
Sped on dragon wings away;
To the caverns deep and fast,
Where the shackled earthquakes lay.

Nature's hosts to worship came,
Bringing gifts of all their store,—
Sunbeams with the sacred flame—
Woods their rarest incense bore.

Seas and mountains poured their spoil;
Treasures of the wave and mine;
Fields their corn and wine and oil;
Mingled for the feast divine.

Clouds aloft their banners bright,
Crimson, blue and amber bore;
Tinted drops and manna white,
Scattering on the jeweled shore.

Forests all their spreading palms
Wrought as tabernacles fair;
Where the melody of psalms,
Floated on the holy air.

Chronicler.

Then, as legends old declare;
Which the mystic leaves record;

In the east of Eden fair,
Spread the garden of the Lord.

Poet.

Then from hidden fountains, forth,—
Which such streams forever pour—
East and south, and west and north,
Flowed the sacred rivers four.

Theologist.

Well might earth and sea and air,
All their powers for praise combine!
When o'er Eden's portals fair,
Rose the tree of Life divine.

Poet.

Tree on earth of heavenly root,
Promise buds and germful bloom;
Healing leaves and living fruits,
Ripening still beyond the tomb.

Theologist.

Shadowing earth's unsullied breast,
Wide its balmy wings it throws;
Where in God's own image dressed,
Man the monarch may repose.

Feasting on the rapturous scene,
Radiant as the morning tide;

Sits the new creation's queen,
'Mid the lilies by his side.

All the higher joys of sense
Waiting on the happy pair;
Poured their ecstasy intense,
O'er the blessed dwellers there.

All the rapture born of love,—
All the life whose current rolls
From the gushing fount above;
Filled the first of human souls.

Poet.

Well might sinless spirit bands
Hasten from the mansions bright,
Of the house not made with hands,
To the new domain of light.

Thronging hosts of heavenly mien,
On the cloud-borne stair appear;
Only since at Bethel seen
In the vision of the seer.

Theologist.

Well might man, the lord of all,
Feel the rapture seraphs know;

Ere dishonored by his fall,
Nature clothed herself in woe.

Spirit of the Wahbeek.

'Twas creation's higher birth,—
Nature's second jubilee;
Other jubilee of Earth,
One she had, and one shall be.

Philosopher.

Well dost thou speak of the ceaseless progressions,
Ever more wond'rous through numberless ages,
On, from the period known to no mortal;
Called in the language of man, the beginning—
On through millenniums,
Lost in the void which the wise have called chaos;
Wanting in language no more than in thought.
Yet of these things have we heard from philosophy,—
Science doth whisper of that thou hast witnessed,—
Tells that man's life is a thing but of yesterday;
Tells that his knowledge, his works are as naught.
Well am I come that this day I should meet thee,—
Would thou hadst spoken to sages the ancient;
Budha, Confucius, and wise Pythagoras;
Moses sublime, and the great Zarathustra;
Others whose forms by the river of centuries
Tower as the pyramids loom above ruins,
Those which stand lone by the desert-bound Nile.

Chronicler.

Well hast thou spoken,—
Well shall thy words fill the unwritten pages ;
Those which through ages have waited thy coming,—
Now may I gather the leaves of that volume
Scattered of old in the tumults of nations ;
Lost ere the rolls of the Hebrew were traced.
Nations whose germs lie in depths of the future,
Yet from thy lips, by my hand may recover,
Things of humanity's restless career,—
Secrets of man and his multiplied changes,
Lore of his races and manifold languages,
Strange superstitions and multiform worships.
Known not to pandit, or priest or magician,—
Lost by the chronicler, hid from the seer.

Theologist.

True is thy speaking,—
Such are the words of the writer of Israel ;
He who unfolded the story of Eden ;
He who drew dimly the picture of chaos ;
Gathering of waters and continents rising ;
Lights which were ordered for days and for seasons ;
Plants and all living, and man above all,—
Bright, though in darkness—
Bright as becometh the blest inspiration,
Dark as befitting the vision of man.

Well I perceive how in all things are written,
Holiness unto the Lord in the highest ;
Only He knoweth his infinite plan ;—
Only He knoweth the wisdom unsearchable,
Wrought in the web of his merciful plan.

Poet.

Cease not thy words, for my spirit is leaping,
Further to pass through thy wonderful story,—
Long was thy silence, so be thy communing,—
Speak that my heart may grow large with the knowledge
Yet to unfold from thy marvelous teachings ;
Rich with the treasures thine ages have gathered—
Secrets of life, and of death, and of harmonies
Filling the infinite orders of being ;
Yet by the spirit of man unawakened ;
Yet for the touch of humanity's sympathies
Waiting on all the sweet chords of the universe.

Speak that the night may grow bright on my spirit ;
Lo ! Do not all to thy utterance give ear ?
Hushed are all beings about thee and waiting ;
See, the proud oak bends his crown to thy whisper ;
Softly the wind trips beneath the still maples.
Quiet the fountain,
Even the aspens are quiet to hear.

Spirit of the Wahbeek.

Still in my loneliness,
Hailed I the evenings, the morns of creation
Ends and beginnings,—
Eve the accomplishment, morn the beginning—
On from the eve of the gathering of waters,—
Morn of the day of the wide waxing continents,
Ancients of lands, ere the seas were their graves;
On, through the multiplied stages of being;
Ceaseless upspringing of life in its orders;
Struggles of sea worm and insect and reptile;
Turmoil of monsters, of beasts of the earth;
On, to the lands which were chafed by new oceans;
Lands where the germs of the nations had birth.
Saw I the bones of the mastodon perishing,
Saw the worn relics of dead generations;
Birds of strange plumage, and terrible dragons;
Beasts which the vision of man beheld never—
Relics of forest and morass, and wave;
Whelmed in the driftbeds of afterwhelmed rivers,
Sealed in the depths of unsearchable caves.

On passed the ages—

Saw I the bison come down from the wilderness,
Shaking the plains with the weight of his multitudes;
Leaving the fields of the north to the ice blast—
Saw I the terrible march of the snowstorm,
Yearly invading the empire of flowers;

Spreading still further and further his conquests—
Saw I the bamboo give place to the hickory ;
Poplars spring forth on the hills of acacia ;
Fir tree and pine, where the almond had flourished ;
Ice bergs where floated the nautilus shell ;
Birds of the pole come to fix their rude dwellings
On the fair shores where the halcyon had brooded
White bears where bounded the nimble gazelle ;

On swept the centuries,
Peopling the continents, leading the races
Forth from the founts of the valleys of Havilah,
Waters of Gihon and vineyards of Hidekel ;
Far as the ice-girdled fiords of the northland,
Far as the climes of the burning Sirocco,
Far as the southlands embosomed in snows.
Children of Cain who went out to the eastward ;
Hunters and horsemen, and dwellers in tents ;
Tribes and their patriarchs,
Builders of cities and planters of vineyards,
Brothers of Vulcan, who smote the hard anvil,
Craftsmen, who fashioned the sickle and spear,—
Children of Seth, who were spread into multitudes,
Herdsman, with cattle and flocks of the pasture ;
Pitching their tents by the hillside and waterbrook ;
Urging through deserts their indolent trains—
Tillers of earth with the plowshare and pruning hook ;
Dark'ning the day with the dust of their caravans ;

Furrowing the valley and sowing the plain ;
Some to the lands which are spread as the sea floor,
'Neath the blue waves of the boundless Pacific—
Floor of the stormy Atlantic's domain.

Theologist.

Those were the years of the long generations ;
Years when the days of a mortal exceeded
Those which now measure the life of a nation—
Time the stern harvester
Bearing no scythe, but the hour glass only,
Counted the moments and looked through the centuries,
Waiting the years which should usher his harvest,
Ripening afar on the plains of mortality—
Death with his shaft gathering rust in the quiver,
Rust of the blood that was shed by the first born,
Folding his wings sat in silence apart.

Spirit of the Wahbeek.

Saw I the races grown old in their fatherlands ;
Spreading their sails to the winds of the oceans,
Westward and northward—
Roaming the plains which now spread to the ice-lands—
Plains which were after the storehouse of ivory—
On where Hoang pours his turbulent billows ;
Far as Japan, with her hundred score islands ;

On where the merciless shores of Alaska (¹⁴)
Blossomed of old with the aloe and myrtle;
Stemming the waves of the bounding Columbia,
Rearing their homes in the valleys of jasmynes;
Vales which looked out on the blue Athabaska;
Piling their ramparts along the bright waters,
Those which rolled deep where the Sangamon shines; (¹⁵)
Folding their flocks where the slopes of Nebraska
Spread to the sunbeams their palm groves and amaranths;
Sowing their fields by the mountains and rivers,
Marshaling hosts with the quiver and helmet;
Raising the temple and planting the vine.

Fair lay the leagues of the limitless ocean,
Under the light of the far constellations,

(14) "On where the merciless shores of Alaska." The climate of the northern regions was doubtless at some time altogether different from what it is at this time. The presence of immense quantities of Ivory in Northern Siberia, and the remains of tropical flowers and trees found in the northern portions of North America, indicate that those regions must have enjoyed for a great length of time a climate similar to that of the tropical regions at present.

(15) "Those which rolled deep where the Sangamon shines." It is an opinion, well supported by the observation of scientific men, that an extensive lake existed, covering the region lying upon the head waters of the Sangamon, Okaw, Embarras (pronounced *Ambraw*) and Vermillion Rivers, long after the other portions of the West were dry land. This lake appears to have been shallow, and was bounded on the south by the high ridge extending across the Mississippi and eastwardly across the Wabash and Ohio Rivers, crossing the Mississippi at the Grand Tower, the Wabash at the Grand Rapids, and the Ohio at the falls near Louisville.

By the giving away of the ridge, which formerly caused, no doubt, a magnificent cataract on the Mississippi, the lake which covered most of the State of Illinois, and indeed made one with Lake Michigan, was drained, except in that portion of the State above referred to, which seems to have been drained very slowly, as channels were worn deeper through the—

(Note by the Editor.—The author's annotations were never finished. He had numbered the poem all through, intending to make copious notes, which he neglected to do in the illness and misfortune of the declining years of his life.)

Those which look nightly on billows antarctic;
Realms of the deep where no human eye wandered,
Nor sail of the mariner cut the horizon;
Nor ear of the sea-god of after-born fable—
Deep rolled the billows, o'er llano and pampa,
Deep o'er the treasures of Quitos and Incas,
Locked in the sea's hidden coffers of crystal
Those which thereafter from heights of the Andes
Mingled their dust with the sands of the vales.

Philosopher.

True is thy speaking;
Mighty the seas whose broad currents unhindered
Swept o'er those bulwarks which stay the high rainclouds—
Else why those masses of wave-moulded fragments,
Riv'n from hard ledges, and wrought to minuteness,
Polished as beads and commingled with atoms,
Spreading as wide as the leagues of an empire;
Far as the course of the river of silver;
Deep as the shaft of the gold seeker's mine?

Spirit of the Wahbeek.

Long were the years while the multiplied races,
Mingled and strove in the land of the ancients—
Wrought in all art, in all science and mystery;
Filling the earth with their wisdom and knowledges,
Arts and idolatries,
Craftiness, falsehood, oppression and war.

Nature still cherished her turbulent children ;
Giving no sign of the terrors impending—
Calm sat the earth, with her isles as before ;
Mountains aloft waved their evergreen coronets ;
Lords of the lowlands, which drank of their cisterns ;
Seas slept serene on the laps of the continents ;
Rivers swept on through the empires of commerce ;
Bearing the tribute of valley and mine ;
Groves on the west wind shed music and odors,
Gold-vested harvest fields laughed to the olive yards ;
Seed time and gathering
Came with their promise and plenty, as ever ;
Dews shed their blessings, and clouds poured out fatness,
Bright in the wake of the storm smiled the cloudbow,
Beautiful daughter of sunbeam and raindrop,
Ere her bright zone was the covenant sign.

Theologist.

Who hath sought out his dark councils ?
Who shall declare the unsearchable ?
Who hath the key unto knowledge ?
Who shall go up to the highest,
Through the thick darkness,
Unto the courts of His dwelling,
Passing the veils and the cherubim,
Entering into His secret pavilion,
Into the holiest,
Unto the light ?

Thenceforth returning, to speak the ineffable;
Uttering the things which His wisdom hath ordered,
Whose throne is the arch of the universe,
Whose footstool, where angels adore.
Lo, the earth is before Him as nothing;
The terrible forces thereof as a vapor;
The hills thereof sink at His presence,
The mountains melt down ere He cometh;
The seas become dust in the glance of His eye—
The earthquake and whirlwind
Are only the hiding of power;
His messengers no one may hinder,
Nor strength in the day of His coming prevail:
Who dwelleth and ruleth on high.

Philosopher.

Yea, mighty in love and in wisdom—
He only hath known the beginnings;
He only who knoweth the endings,—
Alpha who is, and Omega—
The spheres of the universe,
Those which are clad with His glory;
The suns that go forth leading hosts;
The globes which pass after, with satellites;
Moons in their orders unnumbered;
All haste in performing His bidding;
To lead out the days and the seasons—

The days which are numbered for labor ;
The night's pious shades filled with wonder.
The days of His rest who ordained them—
The seasons that walk with oblations ;
Winter, who filleth the fountains ;
Filleth the lavers perennial ;
Spring, with her odors and garlands,
Summer, with first fruits of plenty ;
Sabbath-toned autumn, who beareth
Bread, and the wine of the sacrament—
To bring forth the life in all substance ;
Life in its marvelous orders,—
The moss on the rock in the desert,
The cedars the glory of Lebanon.
Insects that sport in the raindrop ;
The reptile, which crawleth in darkness ;
Birds of the air, and all cattle ;
Man who is formed as his maker ;
Angels who dwell in the heights.

Poet.

The wind and the fire and the pestilence,
These are his swift executioners
Walking at noonday, and wasting in darkness—
The clouds are his banners of terror ;
The lightnings the glance of his javelins ;
The thunders the voice of his trumpets,

The earthquake the tread of his legions ;
The whirlwind the rush of his war steeds ;
The stars of the poles are his sentinels ;
The planets his handservants waiting ;
The meteors bearers of signals ;
The terrible comet with pennon of flame,
Appears as his swift hastening messenger,
Ordering the forces aright in his name.

Spirit of the Wahbeek.

Thus did he hasten,
When he came forth as the herald of judgment,
Herald of terrors which followed his presence ;
Thus his red panoply blazed on the heavens,
Nightly more terrible ;
Shedding dismay on the hearts of all living—
Men gazed with dread as the torch so unwonted
Lighted the arch of the midnight's pavilion ;
Filling the heaven as with glare of a death fire,
Streaming athwart the dark rifts of the smoke clouds,
Flushing to crimson the wings of the night storm,
Mocking the sun with its baleful suffusion ;
The moon as with sackcloth her countenance veiled—
The spears of the north fires flashed fearful in splendor ;
The stars waxing pale stood afar off and trembled,
The winds in their circuits stood still and breathed softly ;
The seas held their waves and moaned low in the stillness ;

Beasts of the deserts went forth from their dens;
Bears crept for refuge to man's vacant dwellings;
Serpents crawled tamely by temple and hearthstone,
Forgetting their venom—
Eagles came down to abide in the glens.

Hark! A sound of fear, of wonder;
Not the hailstorm, not the thunder,
Uttered from the breadth of ocean,
Jars upon the stagnant air;
Half above and half from under;
Mingled sound of shock and motion;
Booming, rolling;
Like to muffled storm-bells tolling;
When the winds some awful burden,
O'er the wastes of billows bear—
Burden of the fate of mortals,
Which the shipwreck fiends prepare;
Heard from distant echoing cavern,
Ere the whirlwind leaves his lair;
Nearer, louder, deadlier falling;
More, and evermore appalling;
Rolling inward from the ocean;
From the wastes of wave and air;
Up the coasts, and o'er the highlands;
O'er the trembling capes and islands;
Onward, through the shuddering mountains;

O'er the inland deserts bare;
Spreading horror everywhere.

See aloft a marv'lous glimmer,
Where the southern stars grow dimmer;
Bright'ning, spreading to Orion,
Thwart the heavens its awful glare—
Not the storm light's sullen glamour,
Not the north light's changeful banners,
Flushing all the arctic heavens,
Can with that fell gleam compare—
An aurora australis,
Wrought of hottest flame volcanic,
Through the seething breast of ocean,
Bursting to the upper air;
Gendered by the secret forces
Of the teeming fires Ouranic,
Streaming from the torch prodigious,
Which its flaming pinions bear.

See the mighty deep is swelling,
Toward the northward headlands welling;
Rising 'round the land's strong bulwarks—
All the quivering islands round—
Islands with their forests waving
Signals of distress around—
Longer, louder swell the surges,

Higher the unseen power urges
Flood on flood, with stunning sound ;
Mighty waves as leaping mountains,
From the rocking shores rebound.
Rolls the hissing spume its volumes,
'Till the mountain heights are drowned,
'Till the clouds they do confound.

Darkness as an ebon ocean,
Gathers o'er the dread commotion ;
Where the yawning gulfs are bursting,
Half the world of waters 'round—
Clouds whose darkness on the vision
Presses with a weight of terror—
Clouds of hissing vapors gendered ;
Sulph'rous as the awful curtains
Which enshroud hell's inmost caverns,
Gird the reeling orb around.

Now the flames electric leaping,
Fill the world-wide cloud-pall sweeping—
Blaze upon the height of heaven ;
Blaze upon the shuddering ground,—
Bolts of fiercest wrath unbound,
From the magazines of vengeance ;
Swiftest, direst,
Of the comet's swarming myriads,

Smite the valley, field and forest ;
Smite the crashing mountains down ;
Cleave the islands to their bases ;
Hiss through oceans farthest bound ;
And the unchained thunders pealing,
O'er the continents resound ;
And the whirlwinds,
Gathering all their hidden forces,
Rush at once upon their courses,
From their vortices stupendous
Hurling through the direful blackness,
Wrecks of forests, cities, temples ;
With their dwellers ;
Man and beast and bird and reptile—
Floods with fire and hail immingled,
Gush in whelming deluge down.

'Tis the revel of confusion,
Back returned from chaos old ;
'Tis destruction's horrid orgie,
Bringing in the retribution
By the seer's voice foretold.
Woe to earth's most ancient people ;
Woe to all the lordly races,
Dwellers in the chosen places,
Great and little, young and old.
'Tis the first great desolation,

By the mighty seer foretold ;
When he graved the two strong pillars,
Which the mystic signs did hold,
'Tis the awful resurrection
Of a continent imprisoned,
From its sepulchre of ages,
From the greedy ocean's hold.
'Tis the direful ocean burial
Of a continent grown old ;
With its kingdoms, tribes and nations,
Lands most ancient,
Of the thousand realms of old.

Hark, the shocks, behold the rushing—
The divided ocean gushing,
Rolls in world-wide tumult backward,
As the heaving mountains rise ;
Upward from the abyss of darkness ;
Oozy realms of death and horror ;
Towering forms as ranks of giants,
Looming through the cleaving skies.

Tides of writhing flame and vapor
On the firmament are rolled,—
Tides of heaven-born fires commingled
With the scathing blasts infernal,
From the furnace throat of Tophet,

Heated to its seven-fold fury—
Fires for this ordained of old.

Ocean's bed uplifted showing
Through its depths the white heat glowing,—
Flames whose forked tongues updarting,
Raven for other floods to quench them ;
Raven to lick the vanished planets ;
Leap, to insult the stars on high ;
As the earthquake's arm from under,
Rends the granite bars asunder,
With the hidden force stupendous,
Which its hissing sinews hold,—
Flame and wave in wild convulsion
Struggle to the quivering skies ;
As the mighty waters wrestle,
With their enemy of old ;
With the power which all defies,—
Wrestle for the high dominion
For the prize they may not hold.

Clouds on clouds in thickening volumes
With the waterspout's dread columns,
Rank on rank rush on tumultuous,
'Till they wrap the laboring world.
Eastward, westward, hastn'ing, leaping ;
Over seas and islands sweeping,

'Till the circle vast completed ;
On the land of Cain and Enoch,
All their terrors are unfurled—
Rank on rank, sublime, 'till meeting,
Each on each in wrath is hurled ;
Burdened with the unmeasured torrents,
Which shall whelm that ancient world.

Hark ! the victor chants his triumph ;
Hear the notes of exultation,
Swelling o'er a vanquished foe ;
Wide they float, his crimson banners ;
Putting out the constellations,—
Thus his strains of triumph flow.

Who shall stay my awful footstep ?
Who may curb the arm of Fire ?
Who shall meet my breath unsmitten ?
Who prevent my purpose dire ?
I, who master nature's courses ;
First and lord of all her forces,—
Chief of every form of matter—
First born of the sons of Chaos ;
Living still when all expire—
Is not this my high commission,
Granted by th' eternal Sire ?

Who hath loosed the swelling ocean,
When his flowing blood doth curdle
Under Winter's iron girdle;
When his limbs are stretched in shackles,
'Round the headland's icy spires?
Who hath led his vaunted tempests,
When earth's flinty ramparts tremble,
As his summoned billows leaping,
Through a thousand leagues assemble—
When they to the clouds aspire—
Who hath urged his tide wave awful?
Who unchained his typhoon's ire?
I, who heave the mountain hoary,
I, who spread the tropics' glory;
I, who scorch the trackless desert;
I, who rack the huge volcano;
I, who sport with heaving earthquakes;
I, the spring of nature, Fire.

Who of all the shining beings
Sweeping through the empyrean
Crowning day and night with glory;
Suns or moons, or comets dire;
Sinks not to a blackened cinder,
If my flaming pinions tire?
I, who lend the sun his javelins;
I, who clothe the earth with beauty;

Urge the life which springs unceasing ;
Bidding frigid death surrender ;
Wake the summer's changing splendor ;
Pour the fountain from the glacier ;
Paint the valleys' bright attire—
I, the season's ruler, Fire.

Man and beast and reptile bless me—
Suns and moons and stars confess me—
All shall know me,
When their ordered terms expire—
When I bring the consummation,
Crowning of all desolation ;
When I light their funeral pyre—
When I dance upon the ruins
In whose embers all expire—
Is not this my high commission ?
Is there one shall dwell with Fire ?

Woe to earth's most ancient people.
Now they feel my vengeance dire ;
Now the newer world I rescue
From its grave of waves shall bless me ;
Though it comes through desolation,
Poured on kindred, tribe and nation—
Here shall stand my glorious trophies ;
Here shall wond'ring hosts admire—

Hail, ye plains which spread for empires ;
Streams of might, and towering mountains,—
Let your leaping cataracts thunder ;
Let your lordly crests aspire—
Amazon and Chimborazo,
With your thousand mighty brothers ;
Spread, and tower, ye works of Fire !
Hail your awful master, Fire !
Hail me Lord, ye globes and seasons,—
Suns and oceans, bow to Fire !

How the fell havoc wrought ruin of nations,
Far as the shores of the heaving Atlantic ;
Far as the uttermost isles of the oceans ;
Sweeping whole kingdoms from life and remembrance,—
How the fierce strife of the elements ended ;
Ocean, though conquered, his kingdom divided,
Shouting his victory over the living ;
Gathered his waters together in sullenness,—
How the dark clouds to his bosom retreated,
'Till the glad Sun shedding life upon all things,
Beauty and solace, and blessing recalled,—
How they came forth, the sojourners of Ararat,
Hailing the cloud-bow the signal of promise ;
Which still from the gloom of the thunder-cloud shining,
Symbols forth life o'er the wake of destruction—
These are the things which Chaldean and Hebrew

Rescued of old from the wrecks of the ages,—
Told in the legends of tribes of all regions;
Lore of the pandit, and sachem and skald.

Why should I tell of the things which are written?
Man hath his chronicles, there let him search them.
Why should I tell what his race hath forgotten?
Those who boast knowledge which came of their fathers,
Races whose ancients were builders at Shinar,—
Is not the wisdom of God in their volumes?
Why come they hither to learn in the wilderness,
That which their sages preserved not of old?
Those were not nigh me in days of antiquity;
Others were with me whose memory hath died;
Crouching with fear at the tempest which spared them,
Shouting for joy when its fury abated;
Rearing the altar, and burning the sacrifice;
Waking the sounds of all musical things;
Cymbals, and organs, with voice of the trumpet,
Psaltery, and flute, with the viol of strings.

Nations who perished or ever the red man
Chased the wild elk, by the "Mother of Waves,"
Built their fortresses,
Planted their vineyards, and reaped in the valleys,
Worshiped in temples of marvelous fashioning;
Some of Idolatry,

Some of Jehovah, the ancient of days;
Mingling with wisdom, devices of folly,
Dark Ophiolatry, fetich and sorcery;
Legends long perished with flamen and shrine—
Wearing the lambskin, with badges satanic;
“Signets of Truth” with the symbols of falsity—
Builded their monuments, set up their sepulchers,—
Strangers inhabit their places of graves.
Oft in my solitude saw I their journeyings,
Oft did their patriarchs rest by my side;
Rising to greet with libation and incense,
Poured on my bosom, or waved in the censer,
Morning’s first beam on the lazulite skies.

Oft when the mantle of winter was girded
’Round the bleak hill top, and wilderness hoary,—
Oft when the snow shroud was white on the plain;
And the tall ash bore his jewels of frostwork,
Passed the dark files of their steel-belted champions,
Silently bearing the quiver and targe,—
Noiselessly pressing the path of the cougar,
Breathing in language none living may utter,
Curses too deep for the ear of the morning—
Muttering of vengeance too black for the light.

Oft when the light of the sunset was burning,
Far o’er the shimmering hills of the evening land,

Purple savannahs, and valleys of shadow,—
Oft when the dewy rose worshiped the love star,
And the soft twilight,
Fled to the islands of spices away—
Oft when the harvest moon poised in the azure,
Swung like a gem on the brow of the orient ;
When the low south wind was waking the odors—
Odors which slept in the censers of autumn—
Hasted the bevy of shell-cinctured maidens,
Spreading their locks on the breath of the night,—
Hasted the youths from the purple-clad vineyards,
Forth by the fountains which sang to the sycamores,
Forth by the silver lake's lily-wrought brim ;
Bounding to strains of the golden stringed dulcimer,
Leading the daughters of Love in the dance.

Oft when the Light God had finished his circuit,
Sweeping the tropical fields and returning,—
When his bright chariot, flaming in triumph,
High on the uttermost limit of Cancer,
Ushered the midsummer tide of the north ;
Came the high pontiff with baldric and mitre,
Ancient and reverend, whose locks fell as snow wreaths,
Which bend the tall firs in the mountains of Utah—
Bearing the mystic device of the Deity ;
Sacred to him who was known as Apollo,
Mithra, or Baldar in regions afar—

Priests of grave mien, and astrologers hoary,
Those who watched nightly the planets, as Abram
Did from his summit in "Ur of the Chaldees,"—
Bearing strange symbols of mystical meaning—
Hosts of all ages, with music and garlands;
Holding the feast of his annual triumph,
Who struggled with darkness, and winter; and victor
Rose from that death-like embrace to the highest;
To pour 'round a hemisphere blessing and life.
High rose the sound of the echoing chorus,
Filling the vaults of the oaks with its thunder;
Music of instruments rolling above.

These were around me, yet in my solitude,
Still I reposed 'till the light of their temples
Sank and expired,—
'Till the wild scream of the gray forest eagle,
Rang from the heights of the ivy-clad oaks;
Oaks that waxed ancient,
Deep in the forests that waved o'er their harvest fields;
Forests which shaded the place of their graves.

Slow rolled the years 'till the shaft of the red man
Crimsoned its barb in the blood of the buffalo;
Still I reposed while the moons of the sachem,
Were counted in wampum of mystical braiding;
Still I repose.

Long is the tale of the tribes of the forest;
Those who now dwell in the land of another;
Wand'ers, and wild as their fathers, whose footsteps
Marked the drear plains of the Calmuc afar—
Tameless and bold, through the multiplied centuries,
Roves the fierce red man fulfilling the destiny
Marked for his race, when beyond the great waters—
Marked from the days called the "ancient confusion",
When bands of the lawless went out to the wilderness,
Chieftains who scoffed at all labor and knowledge;
Went with the hunters who served the bad Manitou;
Rearing their offspring beside the wild panther's;
Wandering in tribes to the end of their days.

Of rang the war-whoop, and often in triumph
Came the proud braves from the conflict afar;
Bearing the trophies of merciless victories;
Mantles of warriors, and badges of chieftains;
Captives for torture;
Treasures of wampum, and weapons of war.
'Round the bright council fire,
Gathered the chieftains in savage decorum
Lighting the calumet,
Brooding o'er wrongs which incited to vengeance,
Planning new forays on camps of the foemen;
Chanting the deeds of their heroes departed;
Hunters of old who had wrestled with monsters,

Beasts of the caverns, or dragons of marshes,
Braves who had smitten the foe in his ambush;
Or danced when his wigwam grew red on the midnight;
Or bore the dread torture, and scorned to complain.

Gone is the chieftain who waved the red war club,
Oft in the conflict which reddened the plain—
Gone is the Sachem who bore the dread symbols—
Symbols which spoke as the voice of the Manitou,—
Cold is the altar;
Vanished the flame from the sculptureless stone—
Warrior and maiden;
War horse and hunter as ashes are strown.

Swift doth the red man make haste to his fathers;
Soon his white brother shall reap o'er his sepulchre.
But my history marvelous,
Whence am I come, will I never disclose.
Man hath not seen when I sat with my brethren;
Why should he hear my incredible tale?
Soon am I lost in the green vested prairie;
Soon am I forced from my hilltop of old,
Doomed to be crushed by the wheel of progression—
Only the white man disturbs my repose.

(The words of the Wahbeek are ended.)

The figure vanished from the stone;
The wond'rous light no longer shone.

The night wind from its trance unbound,
Wailed in the stilly moonlight 'round.
The fluttering vine and rocking oak,
Once more the sacred stillness broke.

The poet sprang as one amazed;
Upon the pictured stone he gazed—
He turned to hail his comrades three;
But by the rock alone was he.
He stared bewildered on the ground;
But not a trace of man was found.
He gazed upon the upper air,
And but the holy stars were there.
And o'er the shadowy lonely hill,
He heard the ghostly whip-poor-will;
And far across a valley dark
He heard his waiting watch-dog bark;
And saw the glimmering taper lone,
Which from his mother's cabin shone.

He turned, his homeward way to trace,
Yet loth to leave the wond'rous place;
While marveling thoughts his mind enthrall,
How such a vision could befall—
Though he had heard the legends old,
Which of the pictured rock were told;
And how it wrought a spell of power,

On sleepers at the noontide hour ;
Who when the med'cine moon was high,
Within that fair retreat might lie ;
And slumbering once, no more might wake,
'Till midnight came the charm to break—
The charm which thus had bid him stay,
Through half the circle of a day ;
And through the sacred night hours dim,
Had wrought the vision thus for him,—
Yet pleased he left the fount and stone ;
The Wahbeek's song was all his own.

THE END.

Occasional Poems

—BY—

HENRY PELHAM HOLMES BROMWELL

The Tesselled Floor*

All hail, ye worthy sons of light,
Allied in Honor, Truth and Good;
Who 'round the altar meet to-night,
Where we so oft together stood,
Say, mind ye still the golden band
Which years of friendship 'round us threw,
When heart with heart, and hand in hand,
I walked the tesselled floor with you?

Now where our ancient tapers burn,
The mystic gavel summons all;
But some who went may ne'er return
While changing moons the craft shall call.
For some in distant lands abide
And task and journey still pursue,
Who wore your jewels side by side,
And walked the tesselled floor with you.

Aye, long we passed together all
Life's checkered way through light and gloom;
Now met to throng the festal hall—
Now gathered 'round the open tomb.

* Written, on leaving Illinois for Colorado, to the brethren of Charleston Lodge No. 35.

On some we placed the badge of trust—
On some the cassia's branch we threw—
Gave earth to earth and dust to dust,
Who walked the tesselled floor with you.

But yet the jewel's light will shine
For all the upright, near or far,
Who walk by plummet, rule and line,
And follow still the blazing star.
And still the cable wrought of old,
Extends the earthly ground-floor through;
To bind as one the scattered fold
Who walked the tesselled floor with you.

Then fare-ye-well; as oft I view
The "lesser lights" ascend the sky,
The old affections burning new,
Shall bring your distant circle nigh.
Be this my prayer, though temples fail
And arch and altar crumble, too,
When "Judah's Lion" shall prevail,
To walk the heavenly floor with you.

The Faithful Tyler

Hail trusty bearer of the sword,
Which ever guards the outer door;
We greet thee here with one accord,
And hearts grown cordial more and more,
Since first thy hand this symbol bore.

No sword of war, or cruel hate,
But Truth's own sign which flaming turns
Incessant to the narrow gate,
By which the wanderer returns
To where the hidden glory burns.

We pledge thee here with ruby wine,
And bread which true companions share;
The bowl which flows for thee and thine
We crown with friendship's garlands fair,
And fruits which old affections bear.

For thee and thine let years increase,
While Plenty fills her magic horn,
To shed through pleasant ways of peace,
Beyond the Golden-Wedding morn,
The precious wine and oil and corn.

Then bear through time thy symbol bright,
'Till all thy well-wrought task is o'er,
When hands which guard the gates of light
Shall swing for thee the golden door
Which opens on the eternal floor.

Abraham Lincoln*

Gone are the days of his glory—
Days when the multitude listened,
With Senates in wisdom assembled,
Words of the leader to hear.
Fallen is the chief; and his mantle,
Cast on the choice of his people,
Presses like Saul's heavy armor—
None of the striplings might bear.

Nay, 'tis the day of his glory—
Gone but the Senates that listened—
His is the day of humanity,
Rising henceforth to its fullness—
Now doth its brightness draw near;
Some may be rulers of senates,
Some rule the turbulent present—

* The author was one of the Presidential electors for Lincoln, had worked with him in the campaigns, and had a very tender affection for him. He was in Congress at the time of Lincoln's death. The poem was first published in the Washington Chronicle at that time.

He shall be master of ages,
Sending the voice of his presence
On through the ports of the years.

Death when he smiteth the greatest,
Pauses till earth shall take notice—
Waits till the hearts of a nation
Bleed at one stroke of his hand.
Death, ere he smote him, the greatest,
Paused till the world had elected,
Held the dread blow till a nation
Quailed at the sweep of his brand.

Slowly, mournfully, warriors,
Cast ye the brotherly token—
Brave was the spirit and noble,
Firm was the arm that is broken,
Warm was the heart that is cold.
Slowly, mournfully, sages,
Heap ye the dust on his bosom,
Dust that was form of your master
Now doth the sepulchre hold.

Mournfully, slowly, philanthropists,
Set ye the stones of his sepulchre—
Plant all ye friends of humanity,
Evergreens 'round him and o'er;

Lost have ye, toilers and friendless—
 Brother and champion and more!
Slowly, silently, mournfully,
Backward all from his presence—
Leave him to rest while his country
 Waits at his feet evermore.

Oak, do thou guard well his resting,
For thou art noble and mighty;
And thou dost buffet the tempest
 As he did buffet the storm.
Pine, cast thy shadows above him,
For thou over-towerest thy fellows,
So did he tower among others,
 Such were his spirit and form.

Vine, do thou twine 'round his head-stone
For thy rich spirit brings gladness—
So did the light of his presence—
 Crown with thy clusters his tomb.
Rose, do thou bend o'er his bosom,
Ever thou sheddest sweet odors—
Such did the bloom of his virtues—
Shed o'er his heart thy perfume;
Violet shine at his footstone,
 For humble and pure is thy bloom.

Slowly, mournfully bear him
On to the hill everlasting,
 Calmly serene as his fame—
There with his people before him,
Statesmen and patriots lower him;
Well may ye bend o'er the ashes,
 Who walked in the light of the flame!

Decoration Day^{*}

Bells of the Sabbath are tolling,
Dirges in mournfulness rolling;—
Over the breadth of a continent
 Passes the funeral array;—
Why are the voices of wailing,
Banners thus mournfully trailing,
Sound of the minute-gun booming,
 Where are the dead of to-day?

Not in the bier of the lowly—
Not in plumed hearse moving slowly—
Scattered and silent and lonely,
 Rest they where long they have lain,
Under the fig tree and myrtle—

* Written for the first Decoration Day celebration.

Home of the love-breathing turtle—
Under the mountain oak's shadow,
Under the sod of the plain.

Fanned by the sea lilies blooming,
Lulled by the cataract's booming,
Sleep they in sepulchres nameless,
Rest they in silence and shade—
Some where the marble-wrought column
Rising in stateliness solemn,
Tells to the multitude passing,
Here has a hero been laid.

Bells of the Sabbath are tolling—
Dirges in mournfulness rolling,
Sound o'er the breadth of a continent
Calling to funeral array;—
Why are the banners low trailing,
Why are the accents of wailing?
Sound of the minute-guns booming—
Who are the dead of to-day?

Ask of the mothers who bore them,
Ask of the sisters who o'er them
Bend with the incense and garlands;—
Ask of our patriarchs gray!
Ask of the battle-ground gory—

Fields of the wilderness hoary—
Gettysburg's ramparts of glory—
Vicksburg and grand Chattanooga,
Who are our dead of to-day!

Now when the torch of Aurora
Kindles the east into glory,
Morn as she passes each hillock
Gems and sweet odors bestows;
Gems of the tears which night weepeth,
Odors which earth ever keepeth,
Locked in the honey-sealed censers
Borne by the lily and rose.

Bells of the Sabbath are pouring
Chimes with the anthems upsoaring—
Over the breadth of a continent
Throngs with their garlands make way.
Why is a land in commotion,
Banners from ocean to ocean,
Guns of salute waking thunder,
What is the triumph to-day?

The World Within the World

The moon above the twilight plain
But half revealed through amber light,
Stood waiting 'til her starry train
Might hail her mistress of the night.

The mountain heights that walled the world,
Rose rank on rank, more dim and high;
While eve, departing, gently furled
The gorgeous banners of the sky.

The lonely buttes loomed huge and gray,
The vales were all as purple seas;
The camp-fires glimmered far away,
The fire-fly's lamp was in the trees.

And whispering breezes came to tell
That Night with all her dreams was nigh;
And all about my spirit fell
The footsteps of the years gone by.

They walked, the seasons of the past,
With all their gifts and trophies by,
The blossom-sandaled Springs which cast
The light of youth on soul and sky.

And summers with the breath of psalms
On all their singing breezes borne;
And autumn's waving colored palms
To bless the feast of wine and corn.

And winters with their pitchers white,
With waters of libation poured;
And morns and eves in olden light,
Their gems and odors all restored.

My soul from shoreless deeps of care,
Returning, as the ancient dove,
Sat silent by its threshold fair,
To count the jewels of its love.

For I was rich in sorrow's store,
The griefs which welcome love and prayer;
And ope to them each secret door,
By Pleasure fastened unaware.

What hours went by I ne'er may tell,
For time and space were not with me;
They ne'er with seer or poet dwell,
Nor share in Love's or Faith's degree.

When through the dusky vale I heard
The music of forgotten years;

Borne on the long lost tones and words
Which ever mingle smiles and tears.

The voice which filled my life and soul
And sealed to love my heart of yore,
Through all the quickened air did roll
In melting melodies once more.

Soon as the notes my silence broke,
The viols of my soul were strung;
The flute notes of my heart awoke
And timbrels through its chambers rung.

The melodies without impoured
To fill the harmonies within;
What raptures swam on every chord!
How vanished every pain and sin!

A newer life transfused my blood,
A newer light around me fell;
The heavens and earth transfigured stood,
In beauty none may see and tell.

I saw the hidden world revealed,
Which lies within the worlds of sense;
The Universe in man concealed,
Replete, substantial, and immense.

There skies with stars and sunbeams glow,
On blessed fields and hills and trees;
And clouds their rainbow arches throw,
From isle to isle above the seas.

There forests wave, and mountains tower,
And rivers to the ocean pour,
And valleys teem with fruit and flower,
And harvests wave on plain and shore.

For there the primal life o'erflows,
Which nature's grosser pulse inspires;
And light through living ether glows
Undimmed by touch of solar fires.

And there the loved and lost have place,
Who passed from earth with vanished years;
They thronged with greeting and embrace,
All warm with human smiles and tears.

Nor strange it seemed, for then I knew
I nightly by their side did stay,
When sleep her outer veil withdrew,
And waked me to the inner day.

And then from all their lips I learned
'Tis real that which only seems;

Which we to outer life returned
Miscall the empty land of dreams.

Then soul let all thy viols sound—
And heart, thy sweetest concords roll;
The dead are here, the lost are found,
And all the loved are with my soul.

The Corydon Rose*

The rose of Shiraz the Nightingale's bride,
Unfolds its charms 'mid the bowers of pride,
When the dew comes down through the moonlight pure,
Which floats o'er the gardens of Koh-i-zur.
Though sweet on the breezes its odors flow,
By the golden channels of Hin-doo-koh,
Let it bloom for those who its charms may see,
For the rose of Shiraz is naught to me.

The lilies of Paz float fair on the stream,
When the echoes sleep and the wood-nymphs dream,
And wave their frontlets of midnight pearls,
To the brighter eyes of the Chilian girls;
Yet not for me do their beauties shine,

* The author's wife was Emily Payne, of Corydon, Indiana. She died a few years after they were married.

Nor yet for this doth my heart repine;
Let them bloom for others though fair they be,
For rose or lily is naught to me.

Though lone I dwell, where no scented flower,
Adorns a wreath for my leafless bower,
I think not of beauties in nature's fields,
I sigh not for charms which the wildwood yields,
But I think upon beauties more rich and rare,
I sigh for the bloom of a plant more fair;
And while I its image in dreams may see
The beauties of Earth are as naught to me.

But dreams alone cannot fill the heart,
And visions but vanishing joys impart;
I would gather my flower to my heart and arms;
I would grace my bower with its living charms.
I would dwell in the circle it renders divine,
And no heart upon Earth should be near but thine;
Then come, my "Corydon Rose," and be
Beauty, and blessing and life to me.

To Emma In Heaven

Good night, my love, for the queen of night
Looks down from her sapphire throne;
And the star that I named for thee is bright
On the midnight's jeweled zone.
But thy Bul-bul voice, and thy light guitar,
No more shall their chords unite;
For thy soul in the land of the blest is far;
Good-night, my love, good-night.

Goodnight, my love, I would meet thee there,
On the shore of some deathless isle;
And the fields of the blessed shall grow more fair
In the light of thy saintly smile;
Together we'll roam where the vales of bliss
Lie bathed in all heavenly light;
Where the world of Love has no pangs as this,
Goodnight, my love, goodnight.

Goodnight, my love, for I see thy form,
And thy tones in my heart remain,
And my soul goes up on the tune wings borne,
I dream as I weave this strain;
And this dream of love shall the hours entrance,
As the seasons take their flight;
And grow brighter still in each sunset's glance,
Goodnight, my love, goodnight.

The Capitol Dome at Midnight

It is night in the quiet city,
And palace and hut are still;
It is night on the broad Potomac,
And silent are park and hill;
No glimmer of star or moonbeam,
The eye of the watcher discerns,
Yet high o'er the great dome's summit
The light of the tholus burns.

I enter the grand rotunda,
The doors swing back as I come,
Though no hand do I see upon them,
And latchet and hinge are dumb.
All void is the spacious circle,
Every form of mankind is gone,
Yet high in unseen recesses
The invisible lamps burn on.

And the glow of their masked effulgence
Fills all the great space and height,
With a magnifying dimness,
And a glory that wraps the sight—
A golden and swimming halo,
A measureless extense;
A glory of things celestial,
A dimness of things of sense.

And the dome's vast concave heightens,
And the circle immensely grows,
And the light upon walls and sculpture
More strange and unearthly glows;
On the forms in the painted panels,
On the pictured gods on high,
On the pavement's foot-worn ashlars,
On the statues standing by.
And all meaner things grow distant,
And all things sublime draw nigh.

And lo! from the panels outspreading,
From the niches that wider grow,
Start the old and the new world's heroes,
Each one and his garb I know;
With banner and pennon flashing,
The glory of many a land—
With their comrades about them marshaled,
In lordly array they stand;
Not one, but whose deeds immortal,
Gave fame to a mighty land.

And now on the right and left-hand,
Swing open the massive doors;
And from th' ancient Council chambers
A noble throng outpours—
The men of Congresses olden,
Who gathered within these walls,

And their elder and sterner brothers,
From the old Convention halls.

And plumed and beaded chieftains,
Stand with war-club, and offered corn,
And the blood-red To-ma-hi-ca
With the pipe of peace is borne—
The sachems of nations vanished—
The Narraganset bold,
Pequod, and Mohawk valiant,
As in days of their pride of old—
The chiefs of a hundred nations
Whose council fires are cold.

And near them come Lords and Princes
Who ruled ere the red man knew;
By the silvery Rapahannock,
By the Gitchee Gumme blue,
By the flowery Yallaboosha,
By the Colorado's sands,
Whose forts were along Ontario,
And the Mese-Seepee grand.
They halt, both priest and ruler,
Where their strange successors stand.

From the dizzy heights where the frescoes
From the tympan grand impend,

Each one with his chosen symbol,
The gods of Greece descend—
Mercury with the caduceus,
Minerva her ægis brings,
And Vulcan his hammer awful,
And Neptune his trident swings;
And Ceres bears shell and cycle,
And the shell of the Triton rings.

And they beckon their ancient fellows,
Gods of the Druid and Skald—
Those which the North-men worshiped
By fiord, and berg, and wald;
And they come from the Ultima Thule,
From the Volga's billows cold,
From the plains of the rolling Danube,
From the North-light's birth-place old;
From the scenes of their ancient wonders,
In rune and in saga told.

And o'er all a marv'lous banner,
Is woven by fingers unseen,
Spreading out from the zenith to cover
With glory the limitless scene;
And the East gives the stars of its rising
And the West its immaculate hue,
And the North-light, and galaxy mingle
Their crimson and white with the blue,

Those mystical colors of promise,
The red and the white and the blue.

But slowly the lamps become pallid,
And a dimness is gathering o'er;
And fresco and wide-painted panel,
Stand back as they stood before;
And the statues are in their places,
And the gods in stillness bend,
From the dizzy height where the frescoes,
From the tympan grand impend;
And I see through the high-arched windows
The morn in the East ascend.

And I pass through the outer portals,
And the doors swing back as I pass,
Though no hand do I see upon them,
And latchet and lock are fast.
And about in the silent city,
No mortal the eye discerns,
And I look to the great dome's summit
If the light of the tholus burns,
But Liberty's shield resplendent,
Alone in the sunlight turns.

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